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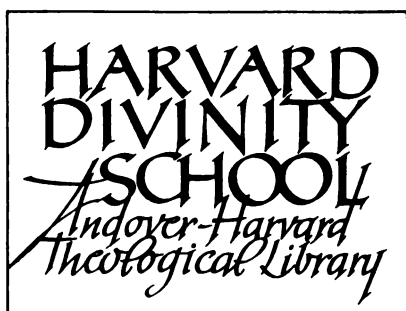
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# HYMNS AND POEMS.

BY

REV. JOHN C. FAIRBAIRN,

ALLANTON,

AUTHOR OF "SABBATH SCENES AND MEDITATIONS," &c.

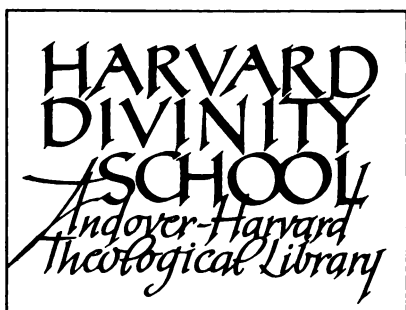
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# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
HYMN, - - - - -	5
HYMN, - - - - -	7
HYMN, - - - - -	9
HYMN, - - - - -	11
HYMN, - - - - -	13
HYMN, - - - - -	15
HYMN, - - - - -	17
HYMN, - - - - -	19
HYMN, - - - - -	22
SCRIPTURE LESSONS, - - - - -	24
PRAYER, - - - - -	26
MISERY REFUSING HELP, - - - - -	29
THE DEAD TREE, - - - - -	30
THE DEW-DROP, - - - - -	32
THE BEE AND THE FLOWER, - - - - -	33
EARLY BLOSSOMS, - - - - -	34
PRAISE OF GOD IN NATURE AND IN GRACE, - - - - -	36
MORNING, - - - - -	38
FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE, - - - - -	41
THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG, - - - - -	43
REMONSTRANCE, - - - - -	44
LOVE, - - - - -	48
FLEETING JOYS, - - - - -	50
THE THUNDER CLOUD, THE RAINBOW, AND THE LARK, - - - - -	52
THE RAINBOW, - - - - -	53
FAITH'S CHAMBER, - - - - -	55
A COLLOQUY, - - - - -	57

If His spontaneous bounty feeds  
The birds that neither reap nor sow,  
On you, to whom His truth is sworn,  
Will He not good bestow ?

Be of good cheer, arise, and sing,  
Spend in despondency no hour,  
In each perplexity behold  
And trust your Father's power.

The knowledge of His power may well  
You against every fear provide ;  
With holy rapture then behold  
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To Him who thy redemption wrought,  
Endured the ignominious tree,  
Was crucified, is risen for thee.

Jesus, thy love we ne'er aright  
Can sing; no thought its depth can sound.  
O Lord, the splendours of Thy might,  
Where'er we turn, our paths surround.  
Heaven, earth, and all Thy works proclaim  
Thy wonders, Lord, thy glorious name.

The mystery of Thy love defies,  
Confounds poor Reason's bounded span.  
Lord, thou didst rear the earth and skies,  
Lord, thou didst die for guilty man.  
The Maker, for the creature's gain,  
Assumed our nature, suffered pain.

O love, transcending every height,  
Deeper than the unfathom'd sea,  
Thou wast before created light,  
Thou art unto eternity.  
Love, in thy perfect fulness known,  
To Him whose love thou art alone!

Lord, when Thy love's amazing plan  
Thou shew'dst unto Thy heavenly host,  
How did they burn its depths to scan,  
In holy admiration lost!  
Unfathom'd still, what can they more  
Than wonder, worship, and adore?

Welcome divine, stupendous thought,  
Thou canst our heart to rapture raise,  
For us the marv'llous scheme was wrought!  
The blessing ours, Lord, thine the praise.  
O may Thy praise with heart and tongue,  
And burning zeal, be ever sung!

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With rev'rence I draw near,  
In all my guilt, in all my woe,  
I in Thy sight appear.

Helpless I am, but Thou canst help,  
I cast my cares on Thee.  
For refuge from deserved wrath,  
To Thy defence I flee.

Cleanse me from my polluted stains,  
And kindle pure desire,  
And with love's holy flame within,  
Set all my soul on fire.

My soul is impotent, O Lord,  
My helper, then, be Thou :  
Behold the angel has come down,  
The waters tremble now.



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Haste to the mount where on the Lamb,  
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And wilt thou not confess His love  
Is stronger far than death?

His sacred body when thou see'st  
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Invading doubts distract thy soul,  
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But mark Him burst the gates of death,  
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Whilst Mercy through the world proclaims  
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Let all presumptuous doubts and fears  
With Night's dark terrors fly :  
Look up, and with a transport see  
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How shall I then, most holy God,  
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	PAGE
THOUGHTS BY THE SEA BEACH, - - - - -	59
THE CHURCHYARD OF THE BOROUGH, - - - - -	63
DEATH AS IT APPEARS TO SENSES, - - - - -	66
O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING? - - - - -	68
LINES TO J——, DEPARTED, - - - - -	70
QUESTIONS FOR PRIDE, - - - - -	71
AUTUMN, - - - - -	74
PAST AND FUTURE, - - - - -	76
INCONSTANCY, - - - - -	77
LINES, - - - - -	78
THE CATACOMBS AND THE COLOSSEUM, - - - - -	79
LINES, - - - - -	81
THE BIBLE, - - - - -	83
THE SOUL'S RELEASE, - - - - -	85
SONNETS—	
ON A PAINTING, - - - - -	88
EVENING, - - - - -	89
THE BROOK, - - - - -	90
HAPPY OLD MAN! - - - - -	91
THE NEMEAN LION, - - - - -	92
SUMMER CLOUDS, - - - - -	93
RUTHERFORD'S LETTERS, - - - - -	94
TO WELSH, IN BLACKNESS CASTLE, - - - - -	95
DR JOHN OWEN, - - - - -	96
LINES ON A BURIAL GROUND IN A WOOD, - - - - -	97
TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND, - - - - -	103
THE TWO PORTRAITS, - - - - -	107
HOLIDAY EXCURSION, - - - - -	111
SATURDAY NIGHT, - - - - -	119
THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS, - - - - -	127
THE BEATTITUDES, - - - - -	142
THE RAISING FROM THE DEAD OF THE WIDOW OF NAIN'S SON, - - - - -	154

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My helper, then, be Thou :  
Behold the angel has come down,  
The waters tremble now.



Come, Lord, in this propitious hour,  
O Lord, no tarrying make,  
Speak now, and heal my guilty soul,  
For thy dear Jesus' sake.

## HYMN.

Ah ! that the humblest of the saints  
Should cherish one desponding thought,  
As if their Father's word could fail,  
His promise be forgot.

No adverse power can work you harm,  
Though all against you were combin'd,  
Ye are invulnerable, save  
To your own doubting mind.

Ye are your own most deadly foes,  
Yourselves, distrustful ones, alone ;  
Arise, and in your Father's name  
Bid each false thought be gone.

Ye look unto the shining hosts,  
Your Father's word controls them all ;  
He paints the lilies of the field,  
He knows the sparrow's fall.

If His spontaneous bounty feeds  
The birds that neither reap nor sow,  
On you, to whom His truth is sworn,  
Will He not good bestow ?

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Shall see Thy vengeance pour'd,  
Ah, with what words shall I begin  
To plead exemption, Lord ?

## EARLY BLOSSOMS.

Early blossoms, pearl'd with dew,  
Flushed with every orient hue—  
Youth, for beauty, is like you.

Children of the blue-eyed May!  
Why haste ye so to pass away?  
So the charms of youth decay.

Weep not o'er the vanished throng  
Of beauties that to earth belong.  
Let us sing a cheerful song!

Cease 'mongst shadows dim to grope,  
Seize reality, life, hope,  
Let desire have ample scope!

Happy land beyond Death's river,  
In thee youth is youth for ever,  
Sin and sadness enter never.



At the gate, as each appears,  
A mighty angel dries their tears,  
Calling thus unto his peers—

“ Fetch the amaranthine crown,  
Put the robes of glory on,  
Carry him before the throne.”

PRAISE OF GOD IN NATURE AND IN  
GRACE.

A thousand voices, O my God,  
Thy majesty and power,  
Throughout Thy mighty universe  
Proclaim each passing hour.

Sweet voices fill the sky, they rise  
Through earth's remotest bounds,  
And from the ocean's hoary wastes  
Come up the solemn sounds.

From mountain tops they come, from depths  
Of vales, in storm, in calm,  
Pealing unceasing melodies  
Of an eternal psalm.

And, O my God, there is no spot  
In being's endless bound,  
But, lo! the wonders of Thy power  
Surprise us round and round.

When the minutest of Thy works  
 My mind with care surveys,  
 It catches straight celestial fire,  
 And kindles into praise.

And when through ether's shining realms  
 I cast my glance afar,  
 I hear in mighty peals Thy praise  
 Thundered from star to star.

Thy praise is hymned by every thing  
 To which Thou breath hast given,  
 The insect atoms of the air,  
 The sanctities of heaven.

But, dearest Lord, for sinful man,  
 What didst Thou not provide,  
 When his redemption was decreed,  
 When for him Jesus died !

And surely, Lord, of all Thy works  
 That utter praise to Thee,  
 Man's grateful soul should take the lead,  
 His voice the loudest be.

## MORNING.

Hail lovely new-born light !  
Swift through the routed Night  
Thy radiant arrows smite.

Her squadrons disappear,  
Pale, swift of foot through fear,  
Anywhere from thy spear.

I see thy brimming tide  
Swell up through ether wide.  
All heaven is glorified.

The mountains kindle now,  
The forests on their brow,  
Ocean is all a glow.

Thou sparklest on the dew,  
From thee each flower its hue  
Drinks—crimson, golden, blue.

In thy celestial springs  
The skylark bathes her wings,  
In rapture soars and sings.

The waving groves no less,  
In ecstasy's excess,  
Thy joyful coming bless.

Is there on earth a spot  
By thy sweet beams forgot?  
A heart thou gladd'nest not?

O'er this terrestrial ball  
In thee God's creatures all  
Rejoice, both great and small.

In thee, fair orient light,  
I hail an emblem bright  
Of Grace's heavenly might

To dissipate our woe,  
Give peace, and make us know  
Joy's holy overflow.

Symbol thou shalt remain  
Of the gladness without pain  
When men are born again.

Whene'er thou cheer'st our eyes,  
Our spirit's sacrifice  
Of praise to God shall rise.

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

The heavenly Graces came  
 From their serene abode,  
 An heir of Adam's shame  
 To consecrate to God.

"This trusty sword receive"—  
 Said Faith—"of temper sure,  
 Heroic deeds achieve,  
 Heroic woes endure."

Contending with the wrath  
 Of storms on floods afar,  
 "Look up, direct thy course"—  
 Said Hope—"by this bright star."

Love gave a burning kiss  
 Soon as that pledge was given;  
 His soul was stormed with bliss,  
 Like one just ent'ring heaven.

Faith's trusty sword through hosts  
Cut a triumphant way ;  
He steer'd for happy coasts  
By Hope's propitious ray.

The holy fire of Love  
Divinely thrilled each vein,  
Prepared for heaven above,  
Burned out each mortal stain.



## THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG.

The snow still lags on hill and plain,  
The hail showers sharply ring ;  
But, hark ! the blackbird's happy note  
Anticipates the Spring.

Of rosy clouds and sunny gleams  
She sings, and budding flowers,  
The sparkle of the shining brook,  
The hum of forest bowers,

The ploughman early in the field,  
The echo-wak'ning horn,  
The crows all busy with their nests,  
The springing of the corn.—

Like her that in the frosty dawn  
Of spring and summer sings,  
Beguile thy hours of bitterness  
With hopes of better things.

## REMONSTRANCE.

O foolish, foolish heart !  
Slow to discriminate  
The suitors at thy gate,  
Despoiled by sin of all thy art.

The world, with giddy roar,  
Came promising great things,  
Wealth, pleasure, rapture wings,  
“ Make haste,” thou saidst, “ throw wide the door.”

Fool ! not discerning then  
The world's a rainbow shading  
Gay colours bright but fading  
On a dark ground of bitter pain.

Not reckoning at all,  
The world is but a few  
Drops of sweet honey-dew  
Rubbed thinly o'er a heart of gall.

That beauty brightest burning  
Is but a butterfly  
Tossed through the sapphire sky,  
Worm-bred, and to a worm returning.

How gaily thou didst live  
Awhile with treacherous lies,  
Big boasting vanities,  
That had no truth, no peace could give!

But Conscience woke; his eye  
Smote stern—thy courage fell;  
Through thy chink-riven cell  
Peered that dread one, Eternity.

But see! thy Lover stands  
Close by—haste for relief.  
Alas! He mocks thy grief,  
Laughs loud in scorn, and claps His hands.

Forsaken of all good,  
Abandoned, perishing,  
Wretched, ill-fated thing!  
Another all this while thee woo'd!

Hadst thou to Him inclined,  
There never had been space  
To hold one half His grace  
Of love and bliss for thee designed.

With joy from side to side  
Earth had o'erflowed, and Heaven  
Its high approval given  
Of thy fair choice, immortal bride!—

Stands He yet at the gate?  
Ah, is it yet His song?  
Can patience last so long?  
Has slighted love not turned to hate?—

Thou couldst not lift thine eyes,  
Shame burned on either cheek,  
And choked thee when thou'dst speak—  
Spoke He of past indignities

Heaped on His head of old,  
When thou didst welcome in  
The rabble rout of sin,  
Leaving Him in the rain and cold?

Or did He love thee less  
That thou didst scorn His love?—  
He gifts all price above  
Heaped on thee with a strange excess.

With admiration dumb  
Thou sett'st thyself to cast  
His mercies—saidst at last—  
“ My sins alone can match their sum !”

## LOVE.

Look up! Celestial Love  
Is spread, a boundless sky,  
Up and through that resplendent sphere  
My soul to glory fly.

In Love's etherial glow  
See earth and ether blend,  
Make haste glad spirit, and the sky  
By that bright stair ascend.

O what abyss of gloom  
So dark Love lightens not,  
Love who so sweetly shoots his beams  
Into the darkest spot.

The borders of despair  
I paced with many a groan,  
From woe still on to deeper woe,  
A soul whose hope was gone.

Love met me there, and brought  
To where his feast was spread,—  
“The clusters of the vine are ripe,  
Reach up, and eat,” he said.

In his divine discourse  
Celestial joys I knew,  
Heaven kindled in my glowing breast,  
Immortal air I drew.

What charms of sweetest bliss  
Flowed from his silver tongue, .  
And when I rose to bid farewell,  
This parting note he sung :—

“ In my bright panoply  
Begirt, arise and go,  
If need be, through the heart of Hell,  
Nor fear thy fiercest foe.

“ Bid Death, the pioneer,  
Open to heaven thy way,  
And Death, who is my servitor,  
The challenge must obey.”

## FLEETING JOYS.

Fleeting joys of mortal life,  
Hast'ning to be gone,  
We have scarcely time to hail you  
Ere ye past are flown,  
Rainbow tints that sweetly braid  
Our hours, and like the rainbow fade.

How ye vanish like a dream,  
Like the cloudy shadow,  
By the breezes of the Spring,  
Blown o'er hill and meadow,  
This moment gaily glancing, next  
With the Past's oblivion mix'd.

Ah ye precious gifts of heaven,  
Friends whom we loved best,  
Ye fly like other earthly joys,  
Vanish like the rest;  
Ye cannot, and ye must not stay,  
Hearts may break, ye must away.



But through sorrow's thickest shade  
Streams a holy light,  
And a voice of gladness rings  
Through the dreary night.  
From regions far beyond the tomb  
They fetch with them immortal bloom.

And they guide us to the land,  
The serene abode  
Of immortals who rejoice  
Beneath the smile of God,  
Where friends whom death did separate  
Stand on the shore, and for us wait.

THE THUNDER CLOUD, THE RAINBOW,  
AND THE LARK.

Like Death's black banner, overhead  
A thunder cloud hung lurid, red,  
Earth trembled,—could, for fear, have fled.

Bright flashed the lightning's dazzling glare,  
Loud thunders shook the bellowing air,  
The madd'ning torrents foamed despair.

Like immortality, bless'd light  
That burns beyond death's mournful night,  
A rainbow gleamed, resplendent, bright.

Up to that bow a skylark sprung,  
And boldly, like a spirit, sung,  
Or Hope, the cherub ever young,

Immortal Hope! that lifts us high,  
Cheers the sad heart, and shews the eye  
Calm peace behind the stormy sky.

## THE RAINBOW.

Hail, radiant wonder of the sky !

Delight of old and young ;

The admiration of each eye,

By every poet sung.

Charmed by thy beauty, many hued,

Old age to youth runs back,

When thy bright wonder was pursued

From flowery track to track.

The skylark from her grassy nest

Springs up with carol loud,

And bathes in sunny gleams her breast

When thou art in the cloud.

Time over thee asserts no power,

Unsullied is thy sheen

As when in Eden's leafy bower

'Twas first by Adam seen :

Or round the ark, hope to inspire,  
Its glorious splendours broke,  
And from them to earth's second sire  
The Lord in mercy spoke.

Whene'er I see thy beauteous shine  
Gleam o'er man's low abode,  
My heart conceiveth hope divine,  
And renders thanks to God.

Thou art unlike that word, fair bow,  
Of which in pledge thou'rt given ;  
An evanescent shadow thou,  
It, stedfast as the heaven.

## FAITH'S CHAMBER.

Faith has a holy art,  
    Whilst marking through Time's glass  
How swift the moments dart,  
    Her aching heart to cheer ;  
She smiles, as on they pass,  
    That glory draws so near.

Faith's Chamber's small and mean,  
    But through her lattice pane  
Celestial sights are seen ;  
    So she with ravish'd eyes  
Feasts, and can scarce refrain  
    To speak her ecstasies.

Faith, in her Cabinet,  
    A wondrous mirror has,  
Where she such sights can get  
    As in the saddest day,  
And the most mournful pass,  
    Her spirit well can stay.

In it she can behold,  
E'en in the stormiest weather,  
Things that may make her bold,  
Sunshine, and peace, and hope,  
All bless'd things together  
In heaven, or 'neath heaven's cope.

Angels, she there can see,  
On the celestial towers ;  
In deep felicity  
The hosts of the forgiv'n,  
In calm and holy bowers,  
Singing the songs of heaven.

Bright warders to and fro  
Upon their charge that pass,  
Guardians of saints below,  
In panoply of light ;  
The throne, the sea of glass,  
The day that knows no night.

But O, speak not of these ;  
They from her vision fade,  
For she, enraptur'd, sees  
On His renown'd seat,  
Him who her ransom paid,  
And worships at His feet.

## A COLLOQUY.

Why, cheerless soul ! this sad lament ?—  
The breakers roar, the storms augment.—  
But fiercest blasts are soonest spent.—

Friends pine and die, they all have gone,  
Cold, crumbling, 'neath the churchyard stone.—  
Thou'lt meet them all anon, anon.—

The rider pale and gaunt draws near,  
His hoofs upon the flints I hear.—  
A blunted sword, a pointless spear !—

The Precept's wrath denouncing word,  
Justice' inexorable sword.—  
Was answered, suffered by thy Lord.—

To walk with God I cannot find,  
For heart impure and treach'rous mind.—  
Thy dross shall all be soon refined.

Come on, view from this height serene  
The promised land, transcendent scene !—  
But Jordan rolls his floods between ;

His brimming floods, so cold and dark.—  
The trumpets sound, the Priests, may'st mark,  
Into the midst have borne the ark.



## THOUGHTS BY THE SEA BEACH.

The melancholy beach I trode,  
The skies, that with noon's fervour glow'd,  
Took twilight's purple dyes ;  
Hour ! consecrate to pensive thought,  
And dreamlike revery inwrought  
With endless imag'ries !

Across the ocean's bosom dim  
Night's gathering shadows ghostlike swim ;  
Along the rueful coast  
The beams of the still glowing west  
Shone on the sea cliff's rugged crest,  
Its flanks in gloom were lost.

At the steep base of each dark rock  
The briny swell in surges broke,  
Whilst Echo's mournful tongue  
Repeated hoarse, through the blind caves,  
The plunge of the unhappy waves,  
Or in the fissures hung.

As ship bereft of governance  
Drifts o'er the measureless expanse  
At will of tide and wind ;  
So, pacing that forsaken coast,  
My mind, in hopeless musings lost,  
To Fancy I resigned.

Through the vexed air a plaintive sound  
Mourned sad from the horizon's bound,  
Then sunk in silence deep,  
But only to renew its song  
In mournful measures deep and long,  
Like voices heard in sleep.

Sad was it as the spirit pent  
In the Eolian instrument  
In bitter grief that sighs,  
When the enraptured joy she hears  
Of her unmanacled compeers  
Swift darting through the skies.

It seemed the pity moving dirge  
Of myriads buried 'neath the surge  
In oozy caves that lie,  
Far down in the abysses steep,  
The dreary realms of chaos deep  
As heaven's blue dome is high.

Old age is there, youth's graceful charms,  
Babes folded in their mothers' arms,—

O, melancholy wreck!—

There, hearts the waves that proudly rode,  
And grim old admirals who trode  
The thunder bearing deck.

Far far above the oozy soil  
In snaky folds sea monsters coil,  
But there Death reigns alone;  
Reigns ever there in silence dread,  
And awful gloom unvisited  
By star that ever shone.

No wandering sunbeam ventures there,  
No flash from the mild lunar sphere;  
The wild tornado's breath,  
That, sweeping fierce the upper seas,  
Wrecks the rich laden argosies,  
Respects the realms of Death.

Thou wilt not yield them to our pain,  
Our prayers to thee are all in vain,  
Of pity thou hast none!  
In calm thou scornest us; on high  
Thy surges toss, in mockery  
Of the poor widow's moan.

Relentless as thou art, O Sea !  
To mortal prayers and sympathy  
    Shall sound a summons dread,  
Then heaven shall pass like gossamer,  
The earth be purified by fire,  
    And thou shalt yield thy dead.

## THE CHURCHYARD OF THE BOROUGH.

O, what a mighty company reside in silence here!  
Small is the spot, but than the town more populous

I fear.

Four ancient walls enclose it all in half an acre's space,  
On these old walls' entablatures quaint imag'ries you  
trace.

Well lodged within these narrow bounds of burghers  
—strange to say—

A multitude far greater dwells than throng the  
streets to-day.

They, who for long six hundred years dwelt here in  
easy state,

Peopled the borough's pannelled rooms, its mansions  
small and great,

Its busy markets thronged, and paced its antique  
balconies,

Or, like the tree top rooks, looked down from turrets  
in the skies;

Its guilds that knew their trades right well, its  
cunning craftsmen too,

Its merchants rich, its traffickers, its artists, not  
a few;

Its thrifty wives and damoselles, when household  
work was done,

Who rustled through its walks in silks beneath the  
evening sun,

Are-all assembled silently within this narrow spot,  
Their industry, their merriment, their very names  
forgot.

Busy as ever is the town, whate'er beneath the sun  
They schemed and planned from day to day is by  
their children done.

The very shadows of their homes, fantastical and  
tall,

In morn and even's slanting beams upon their tomb-  
stones fall.

In the very heart of the town's stir and bustlement  
they lie,

And yet remote as time's first hour is from eternity.  
In niches of their sculptured tombs the swallow's  
nest is hung,

Where in grey dawn of early morn she chirrup to  
her young.

The anvil rings, and one by one the blending sounds  
arise,

Dinned through the town, like a beehive, by buzzing  
industries.—

Unheard, unheeded all, their sleep shall undisturbed  
rest,

Till on Doom's morn the angel peals his dreadful  
trumpet blast.

## DEATH AS IT APPEARS TO SENSES.

O, hast thou ever witness been  
To Nature's last, her saddest scene,  
When from her clay built tenement  
The viewless spirit forth is sent?  
Was not your mind with awe subdued  
When you before the dead one stood?  
The window whence the spirit flung  
Her glances, the persuasive tongue  
Her dulcet instrument; now barr'd  
The one, no more the other heard.

You gaze a sceptic on the dead.  
It cannot be that life has fled.  
What wonder! what bewilderment!  
Ah no, the mind will not assent  
To what the eye affirms; she will  
Persist that life must linger still.

You muse, you yearn, you wonder why  
The dead one opes no more his eye,



And why the tongue no longer may  
For kind words given kind words repay,  
And why the hand you fondly press  
Gives no return of tenderness.

♪

Not from the clouds the lightning's lance  
But straight you catch the dazzling glance,  
Soon as you break the casket fair  
The treasured incense loads the air;  
But from her tenement of clay  
Not thus the spirit glides away,  
The eye beholds her not, the ear  
No signal of her flight can hear;  
Unheard, invisible, alone  
By sad and dread negations known.

## O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

“ From out thy house of clay”—  
Dread summons!—“ Come away!”—  
’Tis Death’s resistless hand!  
Firm on the Rock now stand!

Of guilt a mountain load  
Rises ’twixt thee and God,  
To plunge thee down in night,  
To quench thy spirit’s light.

Thy sins of youth and age  
Crowd up, and round thee rage,  
To hurl thee to the gloom  
Of wrath and final doom.

Though sorely thus beset,  
Horror invades not yet  
Thy soul, nor does despair  
Kindle his torments there.

Thy face reflects thy peace  
Of soul, as, when storms cease,  
The sea's smooth mirror shews  
Heaven's undisturbed repose.

Yea, thou beginn'st to sing  
Welcome to that dread king  
Who all things, low and high,  
Speeds to their destiny.

When, frowning, he displayed  
His terrors thick arrayed,  
He in his quiver found  
No shaft that thee could wound.

Across the sea forlorn  
Faith has thee safely borne,  
Though long sore tempest toss'd  
Thou now art near the coast.

Celestial glories bright  
Imparadise thy sight;  
Thy soul in ecstasies  
To their endearment flies.

## LINES TO J——, DEPARTED.

Now thou hast reached thy goal,  
To thee Death opens wide  
The eternal gate, and bids thy soul  
Through the dread portal glide.

Tears for the mourners sad,  
Weeping thee, to them lost,  
But joy to thee, in glory clad,  
With the celestial host.

With deepest sorrow fraught,  
Am I who miss thy love,  
Till like a sunbeam comes the thought,  
How blest thou art above.

QUESTIONS FOR PRIDE.

When Pride begins to rise and storm, and in  
Thy breast her cunning flatteries to spin,  
Admonish her of folly, weakness, sin.

Tell her, that when a few brief years have fled,  
She in the dust must hide her tarnished head,  
Hissed from the world, with slimy worms bespread.

Ask her—if it be fit that she should flame  
Before the world in state, when from the same  
Vain stage she soon shall be thrust off with shame!

Ask her—where are thy mighty kingdoms gone  
Whose vast renown through all the earth was blown,  
Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Babylon!

Ask—where thy valiant conquerors, who swept  
The land and sea? who men in turmoil kept?  
Into what silent corners have they crept?

Take her to the proud Pyramids, and say—  
Canst thou decypher whose this royal clay  
Crumbling to dust, as soon as fetched to day?

Take her to the Museums, point her there  
The wrecks from Time's vast ocean fished with care,—  
Are these thy gallant trophies, Pride, declare?

If still she vaunt—her brow is brass, her eyes  
Are shameless, and her tongue's all sophistries,—  
Change thou the theme, yet strictly catechise.

Make her speak out—if e'er a time she knew  
When heaven was purged of a rebellious crew?  
Ask—who these legions to rebellion drew?

Ask her—if e'er into fair Eden's bound  
She stole, and in its walks our parents found  
Arrayed in holiness, with glory crowned?

Question her—knowest thou aught about the tree?  
Come, Pride, speak out—canst thou inform how he,  
Once bless'd, is sunk so deep in misery?

When thou hast shewn her how an angel host  
Was ruined by her wiles, and mankind lost—  
Ask her—if it becomes her still to boast?

Should she still make defence, if thou art wise  
Haste to be gone, such fascination lies  
In this cursed Syren's song, who listens ~~does~~.

## . AUTUMN.

I never saw a day more bright,  
I never saw a day more calm,  
The air is full of warmest light,  
The zephyr's breath is balm,  
The leaves in the deep forest fall,  
Yellow, sapless, withered all.

The zephyr woos them with his song.  
He never played a sweeter strain  
The thickets of the wood among,  
Yet fall they thick as rain—  
In the forest depths they fall and fall,  
Yellow, sapless, withered all.

Delicious incense rises round,  
Steamed warmly on the fragrant air,  
Yet fall they with a dirgelike sound,  
The boughs will soon be bare—  
In the wood's ferny depths they fall,  
Yellow, sapless, withered all.



The frost at morn, the frost at night,  
The fogs that muffle up the moon,  
Work and defeat the genial light,  
And kindly glow of noon—  
They blight the leaves, and so they fall,  
Yellow, sapless, withered all.

Fool! 'tis not Autumn's change you see,  
Nor seared leaves by the forest rill;  
Death shaketh bare a nobler tree,  
The world-wide Ygdrasil;  
'Tis human lives, her leaves, that fall,  
Yellow, sapless, withered all.

## PAST AND FUTURE.

Look not behind, look not behind,  
For sorrow only fills the past,  
Thy heart shall faint, thine eyes be blind,  
With tears of sadness falling fast.

It is the land of shades, a shroud,  
A film obscure invests it all,  
Or if a sunbeam pierce the cloud,  
'Tis only on the grave to fall :

The grave, in whose remorseless gloom  
Infolded our beloved ones lie ;  
The grave even Hope that would consume,  
Life's brightest star, if Hope could die.

Look forward ! Forward Hope leads on ;  
And forward, Faith, with eye sublime,  
To where Eternity leans down  
Serene beyond the mists of Time.

## INCONSTANCY.

O ever changeful sea !  
In thy inconstancy  
I am too like to thee !  
Of every wind the sport *thou* art ;  
Of every passion *my* vain heart.

But now I thought my breast  
Had found at length her rest,  
Almost with glory bless'd.  
Such dreams scarce through my' fancy pass,  
When all is marr'd like broken glass,

Just as when heaven we see  
Reflected gloriously  
In thy smooth breast, O sea !  
A puff of wind blows out, and lo,  
No vestige of the wondrous shew !

## LINES.

Aloft through rosy ether borne  
On dew bespangled wing,  
There is a bird that makes the morn  
With his glad carol ring.

And all night long there is a bill  
Whose witching songs delight,  
Hark, how his notes the arbours fill  
And charm the pale moonlight.

And wouldst thou emulate the lark,  
And night's sweet minstrel too?  
Then cherish well devotion's spark,  
Give heavenly love its due.

With many a song thy heart shall cheer  
Herself through many an hour,  
When other song thou canst not hear  
In grove or shady bower.

## THE CATACOMBS AND THE COLOSSEUM.

Of misery a sad abyss,  
Unending catacombs !  
Of graves a very wilderness,  
A labyrinth of tombs !

The dead below, the dead around,  
The dead on every side,  
His countless slain, in gloom profound,  
'Tis kind in Death to hide.

Devouring phantom, ghastly, pale,  
What dismal work is this ?  
We must thee " king of terrors " hail  
In thy metropolis.—

The Colosseum's myriad shout  
Bursts far into the sky ;  
And " To the lions lead them out,  
The Christians," is the cry.

Old age and helpless womanhood,  
And infants newly born,  
In the arena—hell of blood—  
By savage beasts are torn.

Approving senators look on  
And swell the crowd's applause,  
From woman's heart, congealed to stone,  
No sigh the slaughter draws.

Christ on their zeal in martyrdom  
Looks with complacent eyes ;  
His angels in a throng have come  
To waft them to the skies.

LINES.

Sweet scenes far far behind us lie,  
 Oases of the waste,  
 What wonder if the longing eye  
 Fond glances at them cast?  
 If we beseech fond Memory  
 Back to these bowers to haste?

O happy, happy, happy gleams  
 That cheered life's pilgrimage,  
 Then under Hope's bewitching beams  
 We pass'd from stage to stage!  
 Dreams! yes; but they were happy dreams:  
 It was the golden age.

The sky, then bright, is troubled now  
 With tempest, whirlwind, rain;  
 Time cuts into the heart and brow,  
 And gnaws with care and pain.  
 Immortal he on earth would grow  
 Who fetched these days again.

Ah ! we must sit, and sadly see  
Still deeper shadows fall,  
Till utter darkness mournfully  
Infold us like a pall,  
The wrecks drift past us on life's sea  
Of our joys one and all.

Morn never kindles now so clear,  
Dew-drops glance not so bright,  
The lark makes not such merry cheer,  
Nor mounts so vast a height ;  
All things a faded aspect wear,  
There is no such delight.—

Such trifles on the mournful lyre  
Let idle bards pursue ;  
And while they sing let Age catch fire,  
'Tis all to truth untrue.  
If earthly pleasures swiftly fade,  
Diviner rise in view.

Immortal glory overhead  
Kindles along the sky,  
And in it Love has come to read  
Our wondrous destiny.  
If Faith receive, if Hope give heed,  
Our home shall be the sky.



## THE BIBLE.

Precious Volume ! Book of Heaven,  
To mankind in mercy given !  
Heaven above and earth below  
With their glories thou dost shew,  
Whence their being did begin,  
Whence their lofty origin,  
In thy every page and line,  
Book, O Book, thou art Divine !

Man has no measure for the sky.  
Far beneath his plummet lie  
Ocean's depths. Can he embrace  
In his thoughts the boundless space ?  
Wondrous Volume ! in thee lie  
Deep as deep and heights as high ;  
These declare God's works abroad :  
Thou reveal'st the thoughts of God.

Were all volumes writ by men  
Shipwrecked in oblivion, then  
Mighty loss would be sustained,  
The laborious wisdom gained  
From all ages that have pass'd,  
Perished, into chaos cast,  
Men, aghast, would grope about,  
All these luminous stars put out.

Yet, the Book of Life remaining,  
We might cease our sad complaining.  
With it other books compare,  
They as dust to jewels are.  
They are stars that rise and climb  
And set within the sphere of time,  
Thou art an eternal light,  
Pole star of the infinite.

They o'er earthly things preside,  
Thou to bliss the prow dost guide  
Through the blackest gulfs of woe,  
Where the maddest whirlwinds blow.  
They at death their charge resign,  
There thou dost most clearly shine.  
Brightest in the darkest hour,  
Strongest where fails all mortal power.

## THE SOUL'S RELEASE.

A thousand ears have listened,  
A thousand bosoms glowed,  
Eyes with emotion glistened,  
And tears of rapture flowed.  
Over our land has blown again  
The silver trumpet's glorious strain.

Give slumber to the weary,  
Dew to the languid flowers,  
Stars to the midnight dreary,  
Drench the parched fields with showers;  
But pour into the troubled breast  
The love of heaven, to give it rest.—

The conscience stricken soul  
In vain seeks rest within,  
She hears Wrath's thunders roll,  
The vengeance cry of Sin,  
Wild voices call athwart the gloom,  
The wail of death, the shriek of doom.

A half desponding eye  
She raised, as Mercy took  
His trumpet and on high  
Its thrilling raptures shook :  
To sing what she then felt and saw  
Would tears of admiration draw.

The garden agony,  
Christ's sacred woe and prayer,  
The Mount of Calvary,  
The cross, the spear, were there,  
The crown of thorns, the cup of woe,  
The fainting heart, the sinking brow.

Immeasurable price  
For her redemption paid !  
Love prompts the sacrifice,  
And Justice is allayed.  
Justice with Love is now agreed  
For sinful man with God to plead.

She looks no more within,  
She looks to Christ alone,  
Feels not the curse of sin,  
And glory is her own.—  
More blessed than the beams of morn,  
Christ's matchless love to souls forlorn !

Angels on hovering wings,  
Heaven's universal throng,  
Sweep all their golden strings,  
Fill all the heaven with song,  
As Mercy leads her by the hand  
Before her God, approved to stand.

## SONNETS.

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### ON A PAINTING.

How faithfully Art's hand this scene has traced,  
Each object Memory, as an ancient friend,  
Salutes, more than well satisfied to spend  
An hour to hail again what time defaced.  
Warmly the summer air sleeps on the brow  
Of yon high hill, whence swells a prospect wide  
Of pastoral mountains, o'er whose sheep-speck'd side  
The shadows of the white clouds come and go ;  
On the more distant peaks of mellow light  
Rich masses sail, like heavenly thoughts that find  
Entrance into, and fill with calm delight,  
And soothe and sanctify the good man's mind.—  
O happy thoughts ! that shall endure alway,  
Unlike those transient gleams that fade so soon away.

## EVENING.

O beauteous Night, the burnished heaven is stained  
With hues most glorious! In the twilight dim  
The upland crofts and trees and hamlets swim.  
Across the river levels purple-grained,  
Dim mists float thin and curl around the slopes.

On topmost boughs of the near grove the leaves,  
In the mild breeze that with theirs interweaves  
Its note, dance swift. Each feathered warbler drops

Asleep. Day, folded in the arms of peace  
And silence, shuts its eye, more bright to rise  
A few hours thence.—Even so the good man dies;

A lovely twilight o'er him steals, till cease  
The throbblings of his heart: soon from the tomb  
To rise in the great day's unfading bloom.

## THE BROOK.

The brook that glances through this narrow vale,  
The happy brook that ever ever sings,  
And decks its bank with wildflowers dark and pale,  
Nodding like naiads o'er its crystal springs,  
The happy brook I followed at my ease,  
Thro' moss, and fern, and scented meadow-sweet,  
And purple thyme, sweet nectar of the bees,  
And sedges whence the winds glad measures beat.  
We parted company: a twilight grove  
Received the stream into which path was none,  
So close its interlacing boughs it wove,  
I heard the brook within still singing on.—  
O happy stream, that ever can rejoice  
In the sweet company of thine own voice.



Happy old man, tranquil thy life has been,  
A calm and cheerful walking with thy God,  
Still following Faith along the heavenly road,  
Thro' rough or smooth, 'neath skies dark or serene.  
No cloud, no shadow, mars the placid scene  
Thy soul contemplates now, as near the beach  
Of the eternal world thy life doth stretch  
Like home bound ship that long at sea has been.  
The sailor's heart is filled with hope, and he  
Already seems at his own hearth to be,  
Embracing kindred, wife, and children dear,  
While all the village bells a welcome ring.—  
So heavenly sights, as thou to heaven draw'st near,  
Brighten upon thy heart and make thee sing.

## THE NEMÆAN LION.

When 'gainst that brindled monster, typhon-born,  
Who the Nemæan neighbourhood in fear  
Of blood and rapine kept from year to year,  
Whilst parents sad their mangled offspring mourn,  
Alcmena's son advanced, the beast in scorn  
Huffed the uplifted club and brandished spear,  
But found ere long that mock'ry purchased dear,  
And scorn repaid with more disdainful scorn.—  
Alcides doffed his arms, in dire embrace  
Compressed the blood-gorged monster trunk and  
mane,  
And crushed to death, whilst writhed his strength  
in vain,  
Glared his red eye, and foamed his savage face.—  
O, could I so destroy that rav'ning pest  
That works such havoc daily in my breast!

## SUMMER CLOUDS.

Soft clouds! the breezes round you must be still,  
Ye so unmoved by any motion lie  
On the pale azure of the luminous sky,  
Like a white flock on peaceful Syrian hill,  
To whom their shepherd, couched by tinkling rill,  
Pipes from the thicket. Quietly, heart and eye,  
Ye gaze up to the noonbeams earnestly,  
And with their love your panting bosoms fill :  
So happy, happy, ye would never move.  
If ye have any pity, zephyrs cease  
Your gentlest breath, 'twill but disturb their peace.  
Spoil not, I pray you, so complete a love!—  
And O my soul, that thus thou evermore  
Couldst drink thy Saviour's love at every pore!

## RUTHERFORD'S LETTERS.

A galaxy of lovely starlike thoughts ;  
Fair sister planets kindled at one sun ;  
A throng of brooks from one sweet hill that run  
Through meads with blossom'd asphodels enwrought ;  
A lute by a most perfect master taught ;  
A thirst no stream on earth can satisfy ;  
A hunger that must feed on Christ or die ;  
A soul with heavenly longing nigh distraught ;  
A garden where the heavenly sisters sing ;  
A cabinet of all costly jewels rare ;  
A casket filled with frankincense and myrrh ;  
A chamber where our eyes may see the king.—  
Askest thou where the writer ? Gone to dwell  
With Him in heaven he loved on earth so well.

## TO WELSH, IN BLACKNESS CASTLE.

One said, " Though dark the dungeon, it is not  
The utter darkness."—Welsh ! it seems to me,  
In chains and dungeons 'twas thy glorious lot  
To reach of spiritual light and liberty  
Supremest heights, else how could e'er thy pen  
Compass such thoughts ? not often have I found  
In weightiest volumes of most saintly men,  
Musings where such celestial gleams abound.—  
Thou wast a gift of God, thou prophet sage,  
To whom such gifts, to whom such grace was given !  
Thousands have looked through thy inspired page  
As through a casement opening into heaven.

## DR JOHN OWEN.

A mighty soul is in this man. He long  
Has sat, and mused at the celestial springs  
Of revelation. He profoundest things  
Has weighed that unto God and man belong.  
Smit with the love divine, the morning sees  
Him in his chamber, and through the long night  
He courteth thought, by the pale study light,  
Through all her heights and depths of just degrees,  
Then with a giant's strength he takes his pen,  
While like a legion armed and in array,  
His sentences cleave their resistless way,  
And win the Truth from Error back to men.—  
Hark! 'tis his march, the burnished hosts draw near,  
With trumpets in the van and trumpets in the rear!

LINES ON A BURIAL GROUND IN A  
WOOD.

How still this burial place, beneath the arch  
Of this great sylvan minster, spann'd with boughs!  
Though noon intense burns through the upper sky,  
A twilight cool is here. Rich imag'ry,  
Such as the chisel cannot imitate,  
Is fashioned by the sunbeams that stream down  
Through every interspace, emblazoning all  
The pillar'd trees and foliage, and it weaves  
A net-work wonderful upon the sward.  
The zephyrs lurking in the alleys green,  
Flutter their gauzy wings, and with their fan  
Relieve the brow, and almost lull to sleep.  
And what a wilderness of mingled sounds  
The ear receives! the many-noted birds,  
Choiring in their dim arbours, the deep chirm  
Of insect life, the hush of forest brooks,  
That through the green'ry glance like threads of fire.  
Were all the sounds that glide into the ear

Reckon'd, then would we note, at intervals,  
From fields and rustic granges far remote,  
The song of sunburnt labour at his toil.  
Nor fewer the rich odours that compound  
The incense steaming up through the warm air,  
The incense Nature offers up to God  
On the great sapphire altar of the noon.  
And O that praise and prayer from rational men  
As sweetly, freely, and at all times rose.  
Then were the harmony complete between  
All the Creator's works, and earth were bless'd.

How fitly chosen for the trance of death,  
One cannot but observe, is this quiet spot.  
The sleepers here with time have shaken hands,  
For ever said "farewell" to the concerns  
Of life, to its continual busy stir,  
Its arts, its industry, its peace, its war.  
The world, too, as forgetful is of them  
As they of it. It far away from this  
Pursues its path, or only looks in here  
When a new grave is opened to receive  
Another of its denizens, whom Death  
Has summoned to his shadowy, silent halls.

Could one the history write of those who sleep  
Here in oblivion, the tale with tears  
Would be obstructed, but to what avail?



'Twere only to repeat the story told,  
 Not twice, but often o'er and o'er again,  
 Through long six thousand years, a tale of woe  
 That's never finished, and shall have no end  
 Till man's weak race from earth quite disappears.

But we may woo the vagrant muse to tell  
 What fancy was at work with him, what aim,  
 Who with his dying breath besought his friends—  
 "I charge you, friends, that here my ashes rest,  
 That in this sylvan haunt ye bury me."

Was he a man sick of the storms of life,  
 Its shews, its pageantries, its fleeting pomp,  
 Its flatteries, its profit, and its loss?  
 And sought he healing for the wounds it gave  
 In this retreat, pursuing tranquil thoughts?  
 And, as I now do, yielding himself up  
 Passive to all its dreamy influences  
 Powerful upon the meditative mind,  
 Though seldom felt and scarcely understood  
 By those still busy with the world's affairs;  
 And by these influences impressed, was he  
 Wafted far into vision land, the strange,  
 The glorious mystic land, where thoughts that fear  
 Contact with the rough handling of the crowd  
 Work freely, and to wondrous forms expand?  
 Dearer to the sedate such musings than

His gold to Av'rice. Idle it may seem,  
'Midst thin abstractions, and mind fantasies,  
To hunt an hour, yet in such airy fields  
What pleasures wait, what pure delights are won !

Was he, the man who first conceived the wish  
Here to be buried, and besought his friends  
With his last words to see his wish fulfilled,  
A dreamer such as this ? full of the fancy—  
'Twere pleasant here to sleep that long long sleep  
Beneath the shining of the open heavens ?  
Among the flick'ring shadows numberless ?  
Amidst the murmurings of the hermit brooks,  
And never ceasing chorus of the groves ?

Or was he one—in ancient times were such,  
Though now they are but thinly strewn—who lived  
Near to his God, familiar with the things  
Beyond the tomb, allied more to the next  
Than to the present world, more skill'd in thoughts  
Heavenly, than cunning in the ways of men ?  
A man to deep religious musings given,  
Strengthening his earnest soul with truths sublime,  
All things contemplating thro' faith's purged eyes ?  
And oft, like Jacob, wrestling through the night  
With that strong Angel ? Oft, it may be, here,  
As he sat meditating on the word,  
The Spirit to his ravished sight unveiled

The heavens with their dread mysteries, or to Paul  
 Wrapt into paradise: for, O what joys  
 Unuttered and unutt'able, the saints  
 Meet in communion intimate with God;  
 With many a touch that makes their hearts, o'er-  
     flow'd

With peace, weep, and in holy wonder pause.  
 Too sacred to be spoken of to men,  
 Save in an indirect and general way,  
 But O, what source of gratitude to God,  
 And O, what source of comfort to the soul!

Was he, the man who sought sepulture first  
 In this deep solitude, so favourable  
 For meditation deep, and earnest prayer,  
 One such as this? And did he think—'twere well,  
 Where such soul exercise he had enjoyed,  
 To rest in expectation of the peal  
 That to the judgment shall arouse the world?  
 To him the summons when, redeemed from dust,  
 And made immortal, and with glory clothed,  
 His body shall arise, companion fit  
 For the blest soul already glorified?

One place to another to prefer may seem  
 Weak, and perhaps is weak, since everywhere  
 Alike thou'rt present, Lord! and since the souls  
 Of thy beloved have easy quick ascent

To Thee, whenever death the silver cord  
Unties, and breaks the pitcher at the well :  
Since, too, their ashes, wheresoever laid,  
Or scattered by the winds, shall hear the call  
Of the last trumpet, and rejoicing rise.  
Weakness, perhaps, it is, yet such as men  
Have ever felt: even in the strongest minds  
Fast rooted. Who would choose a stranger's grave ?  
Who not repose amongst the friends with whom  
He shared the joys and griefs of mortal life ?

But howsoever settled this account,  
Blest man ! to whom such hope through faith is given.  
He, at the eventide of life's short day,  
Can, with the appetite of labourer worn  
With his hard toil, who courts the boon of sleep,  
Compose himself for death, sure that the morn,  
When he awakes, shall brightly shine. Glad morn  
Of an eternal day that ne'er shall close !

## TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

Thou hast departed from this mortal world.  
For thee death's gates have opened, on thee closed.  
Though I no more shall take thee by the hand,  
See thy fond eye, hear thy sweet voice no more,  
In thought I daily with thee shall commune.  
Thou shalt be present with me when I sit  
In my lone chamber; when I meditate  
At noon or eventide, thou shalt be there.

Well I remember, when a little child,  
I knew thee with thy waving flaxen locks  
Floating upon thy shoulders, like a cloud  
Of golden vapour round the morning sun.  
I can recal thee in thy prime of youth.—  
But O, what crowding recollections throng  
The mem'ry; what old faces long forgot,  
Some of them shrouded in the mists of death,  
Some withered by the heat of tropic suns,  
Some ploughed with care!—but I behold them now  
All sparkling with the glow of happiness,

As in those far off days when we began  
With them the pilgrimage of this brief life ;  
Ah, then not sad, for hope illum'd our path,  
Like the clear sunbeams of the young-eyed morn.

Dear friend ! how often have we wandered far  
From the town's bustle, in our schoolboy days,  
Upon the mountain heights, and through the woods,  
Our hearts together throbbing with delight,  
When half way up among the clouds we breathed  
The bracing air upon the loftiest peaks ;  
We hailed with rapture every sight and sound  
Of these wild regions, they in our young breasts  
Kindled enthusiasm, and we dreamed  
Of all impossible and arduous things :  
We heard aerial whispers in the clouds,  
And in their shadows saw strange forms of power.

Often together have we in the glades  
Through which grey Esk like an old shepherd strays,  
Herding his silver-footed streams through steep  
Rock-pinnacled, and dark mysterious caves,  
Court'd the twilight shadows when the heat  
Of fervid June burned through the glist'ning air ;  
There, in the thought inspiring hush of noon,  
Conn'd many an hour together, heart and tongue,  
The works of famous bards, whose powers called up  
Ideal glories never realized

Amongst men's sons save only in desire ;  
Or those whose eloquence enthrall'd the crowd,  
Binding them to their will, through sweet constraint  
Of speech almost divine.

And what a precious gift of heaven a friend  
Whose sympathies at each point touch our own ;  
A friend identical with us in feeling,  
Imagination, understanding, faith !  
How precious friendship on so broad a base  
Erected ! drawing love, and hope, and fear,  
From the same fountains ! Such in thee I found,  
And therefore feel thy memory whilst I live  
Must still be near me, near as my own heart,  
For of myself thou hast become a part.

I never can forget that day when last—  
Thy last, too, in this world—I thee beheld,  
And sat beside thee in communion sweet.  
Oft had we held communion sweet, exchanged  
Our hearts' most secret thoughts, yet ne'er before  
Felt I such pure and unalloyed delight  
In thy dear company. Sad was the thought,  
The certainty, that at thy journey's end  
Almost thou wast arrived, where it behoved  
We should shake hands, ne'er to salute again  
On this side time. A dismal shade it cast  
Over my heart, but soon that cloud gave way

Before unwonted light and gladness. We,  
Upon the edge of time, the farthest point  
To which a mortal destined still to live  
Can travel with a friend destined to die,  
Sat in the splendour of immortal hope.

But O what tranquil and celestial peace  
Shone in thine eye, and shed a radiant glow,  
As of the glory that beyond the tomb  
Awaits the Lord's redeemed, on every line  
Of thy already sainted face. Then, then  
All doubt had vanished, every mist that screens  
The future for a moment had dissolved.  
To thee what a soul strength'ning view was given  
Of the sufficiency of Jesus' power!  
Of the sufficiency of Jesus' love!  
Ravished by which, though mortal pain did burn  
Like fire through every nerve of thy poor frame,  
Thy look was of unutterable bliss!  
Christ took thee by the hand and led thee safe  
Through the cold freezing river—through the gloom  
Of utter horror that divides this world  
From that to come. Death was a lovely thing.  
Thou hand and heart stretch'dst out to welcome him,  
Bidding him with good cheer to lead the way,  
As if already thou didst feel thy feet  
Firm planted on the shores of paradise.



## THE TWO PORTRAITS.

This hour the artist's skill demands our praise.  
What have we here? Two portraits; one of youth,  
The other of old age; the youth, the age,  
Of the same individual. Let us now  
Peruse them carefully, they much can teach.

Observ'st thou not how on that youthful face  
Hope kindles like the day-spring, ardent hope,  
Self-confident, secure in her own strength;  
As yet no rugged obstacle has crossed  
Her path, or tasked her might. Not hard to guess  
Thy views and aspirations, spirit young,  
On that bold forehead throned, thro' these large eyes,  
The windows of thy mortal tenement,  
Gazing in wonder out. Thy feelings are  
Joyful—exuberant, spontaneous joy;  
Thy speculations airy, golden clouds,  
Far 'bove the region of this world's affairs.  
Thy burning aspirations all take aim  
At things impossible. A dreamer thou,

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And every vision of thy dream is bright,  
Wonderful, glorious. Alas! that e'er  
Out of thy paradise thou shouldst be driven,  
As soon thou must, if so thy destined stars  
Be such as rule the ways of mortal men.

But pass we to the other. What suggest  
These thoughtful features, on which one may mark  
Settled repose, after a struggle hard  
Through long eventful years? Where now young  
Hope,

Winged Aspiration? Have ye perished quite  
Amidst the tempest, and enduring strife  
Which men must wage with all without, and oft  
Wage with himself, as in a fallen world  
Behoves, where many things are out of joint?

How sad, how poor, is age, which has no share  
In this world's common gladness! Age, on which  
From the dread world beyond the tomb no ray  
Of comfort shines to lighten and to cheer!  
Alas for such! Not such this aged face,  
So venerable with the mist of years;  
On it we read nought of despair, no sour  
Splenetic hatred of the faded world—  
Faded from its regard; nor hopeless dread  
Of what of doom waits it on the farther side  
Of death. True, with the same far-darting light

No longer flash thine eyes, the ecstatic glow  
Kindled by inexpressible desires,  
The charm, the reverie of opening life.

I know not what events have filled the gap  
Between thy youth and these few hoary hairs,  
But well may judge, as is the general lot,  
Thine has been mingled—darkness checkering light,  
Light darkness, joy with grief conflicting, grief  
With joy, despair now threat'ning awful things,  
No hope, and inward strength baffling despair.

O what a mystery is man! He lives  
In mysteries unfathomable, vast.  
Faith only can uphold us and give peace  
On this much vexed tumultuous sea of life.  
Faith opens up a harbour where we all  
May anchor safely till the storm be calmed;  
A refuge in the gloom, where we may wait  
Secure, until the morning light shall dawn  
Of the eternal day. Faith takes her stand  
Firm on the word of God, and rests secure,  
In fixed assurance that the eternal word  
Shall be fulfilled. Let us by this hold fast,  
And reap the comfort from such hope that springs.

Into that harbour, as I fondly deem,  
Thou, old man, hast been guided. I refer  
To this that calmly thoughtful countenance.

To me it seems thou waitest patiently  
Till the Lord call thee from this mortal scene  
To heaven's full joy. The sacred scriptures spread  
Before thee, I would fondly fetch to build  
To confirmation my heart's earnest hope.

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## HOLIDAY EXCURSION.

Look at this image rudely cut in stone,  
They say Saint Patrick's dust lies here, and this  
His effigy; but whether it be so  
Let antiquarians search. The neighbourhood,  
And many travellers from far distant parts,  
Who from their course turn this way a few hours  
To spend, accept the popular tradition;  
So, whether true or not, it does to them  
The part of truth, and brings before their mind  
A great old saint, of labours manifold,  
Arduous, and crowned with many and good points.—

We had a holiday. From the neighbouring city  
We came in a swift ship: we disembarked  
At Bowling; and the hills that steeply rise,  
With crag and wood, up from the river's feet,  
We climbed, not easily tired, for the bright day  
Was full of breezes, bringing on their wings  
Fragrance from distant heaths and mountain swards,  
And gardens where the enamelled progeny

Of June, chiefly the roses pale and deep,  
Must have glowed thick as stars. The breezes brought  
These odours, mingled in an essence sweet,  
And blew them in our faces; they gave not  
The sunbeams, fiercely hot, the power to smite  
Too sultrily. We soon came to a nook  
Of most bewitching loveliness. I've seen  
Such sometimes in picture, oftener  
In dreamland. What a sylvan loveliness  
We sat in, and gazed on! Could one believe  
Such music in the leaves? How they did toss  
Their cymbals, and how witchingly the breeze  
Piped through the glades, and in the branches sung,  
Then in a moment darted far aloft  
Amongst the clouds, then back! A little jet  
Of water, from its fern o'ershadowed course,  
O'er a moss woven rock, into the pool  
Let itself down in silver threads; it spread  
Itself in its descent upon the slope  
Of the cool rock, as one may see the locks  
New combed of maiden on a summer morn  
Caught by the breeze, and on the rosy air  
Blown with their curls; and having gained the pool,  
And caught a glimpse of the blue sky above,  
Again it glode unseen through verdant paths  
With a blythe voice. Had one been here alone,

His mind had in a moment been enthralled  
In musings beautiful of that far land  
Whence poets and imaginative men  
Bring their rare glorious merchandise : but we  
Indulged discourse. We gazed, we talked, we sang,  
We laughed, we sat among the sunny beams,  
And leaves, and breezes, and the shadows fleet  
Of nimble clouds. In at our eyes we took  
The vast impression of the glorious scene.  
Clyde ! as we looked upon thy noble stream,  
Poured by the hand of God through the rich vales  
Clothed with His gifts, and where the hands of man  
Have wrought such wonders of industrious skill ;  
When we surveyed whatever could be seen  
In the wide prospect through the midst of which  
Thy waters glide ; when we beheld the ships  
Darting like arrows up and down thy flood,  
Behind each ship a trail of sunny foam  
On this bright day, and all thy waters curled  
With waves ; next looked to the small flowers whose  
    gems  
Studded each inch of sward, then to the clouds,  
White, many tinted, some far up in space,  
Motionless, in the lower region some  
Racing upon the winds, with sails full spread,  
Then to the innumerable leaves of every tree,

Quivering with motion, melody, and health,  
And listened to the song of choiring birds;  
How could we but be glad, and how but see  
The hand of God, the footsteps of His power,  
The largeness of His bounty. He who can miss  
The Maker in His works on such a day,  
In such a vast profusion of His wonders,  
In the gushing gladness which to every thought  
Gives ravishment, has sunk to hopeless depths,  
And is a monster in the world. Poor man!  
Break through the prison of death in which thy soul  
Satan has chained, come, hear thy Father's voice  
Speak clearly to thee. Him adore and love,  
Who for thy good, and thee to entertain,  
Has showered such bounties from His lib'ral hand.  
Be of good courage, let hope cheer thee on,  
Take pledges from the magnificence around  
Of future good, and ecstacies that wait  
Thee farther on, at stages far remote  
Of thy unending being, if with love  
You now receive your Father's gifts, and yield  
Obedience when He speaks both in the word  
Of nature and of grace!—The slanting beams  
And lengthening shadows in the mountain vales  
Hinted of day's decline, so from the heights  
We came, with song and converse, to the plains,



Bound once more for the city. We passed on  
To the quiet village, in whose burial ground  
The rude cut effigy of him I named  
Lies looking up to heaven through all the years,  
With hands met on the breast, and clasped in prayer;  
Amongst the rank weeds and the grass it lies,  
The chisel's markings all defaced with years,  
And covered with a robe of verdant moss,  
Yet a remembrancer that stirs the thoughts,  
And makes them busy with the old grey times  
In which he lived among rude men, and wrought  
Patiently, nobly, in the cause of God.  
Fables have gathered round his memory,  
A cloud of superstitions bright and dark.  
Such always rises when men idolize  
Some great one, and divert their thoughts from God  
; To His servants, whom for mighty works He girds  
With attributes heroic both of thought  
And deed. So has it him befallen whose dust,  
Where'er its resting-place, here or elsewhere,  
I speak of, and whose effigy this is.  
; Deduct the prodigies, the miracles,  
The fancies great or frivolous, in which  
Admiring generations have enshrined  
His name, and look upon the naked truth  
Sifted from the husks, we shall behold a man

Of whom the faith of Christ had such a hold,  
That its invisible and vast concerns,  
Far more than things of earth we see and touch,  
Had grown into realities most real.  
Behold him spend whole days and prayerful nights  
In meditation. Money, meat, and drink,  
Pleasure, ambition, traffic, merchandise,  
That make the whole world of irreverent men  
Lie far beneath his care, nor can detain  
His thoughts, except to pity those who are  
Bound in their fetters. Strange as it may seem,  
Incredible, and not to be explained  
By Mammon's worshippers, all worldly wealth  
Could not enrich him. A small cell, with stuff  
Sufficient to supply nature's few wants,  
With time for prayer, and reading of God's word,  
And meditation, better far to him  
Than palaces such as our merchants build,  
And load with luxuries. So different  
Their several schemes of life. Happy himself  
In Jesus Christ, he feels within him rise  
A strong necessity, the growth of love  
To Jesus, the Redeemer, and to man,  
To preach the faith to the perishing, aware  
Of their capacity to be blessed, and that  
The Gospel came to bless them. So his life,

Devoted to this cause, runs brightly on,  
Through fasting, labour, opposition, pains.  
To him such things are not what they appear;  
He scarcely feels them, so upheld by the might  
Of love. Rough, savage natures not a few,  
Heathen, barbaric men, from him receive—  
Such instruments God uses—the divine  
Impulse, are civilized, renounce their rites  
Bloody, and cruel, and profligate, subdued  
To Jesus, walking meekly with Him here,  
In hope of glory and eternal life.—  
Whether in this, his native spot, or in  
The neighbouring isle, where he his labours good  
So earnestly pursued, his dust is laid,  
Is but of small account. This effigy,  
With its traditions, led us to remember  
Whate'er we could of that great man and good,  
Who in such dark days as he lived in wrought  
So manfully, and with such faith and hope.  
His memory we honoured, but dared not  
To worship, rather gave we thanks to God  
Who raised him up, with many of like mind,  
To spread and keep alive the truth in times  
So dismal. But let us beware of doting  
Over the past, unmindful of the present,  
Which unto us is greater than the past.

The present's full of hope, despite the flaws  
And horrid dislocations which the lust  
Of wealth, and living beyond honest means,  
And other miseries which human vice  
And folly have incurred. Upon the flood  
Of our great social ills the Ark of peace  
Still floats. 'Tis the mere cant of bold bad men  
To say the word and mission of the Cross  
Are obsolete. A thousand facts declare  
The gospel powerful in our days, as when  
At its first burst it carried life and peace  
Through all the empire. Its conquests never were  
Mightier, its heralds never more devoted.  
That which is destined, and the gospel is,  
To wrench the world from the usurped power  
Of Satan, and through all its kingdoms spread  
Messiah's reign of peace and holiness,  
Knows not decrepid age or failing power.

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

It is the night before the Sabbath morn.  
Duly canst thou, as it returns, devote  
An hour, redeemed from thy industrious cares  
And occupations manifold, that task  
Thy strength and labour, to the holy work  
Of prayer and meditation? It will prove  
A source of bliss to thee and many more.

For then thou may'st from thy perplexities  
Retire and bid them off. Then may'st ascend  
Ethereal spiritual heights, where vision comes  
Of heavenly truths and scenes scarce to be seen  
From the common level where most of thy time  
Must be consumed, and as they come in view,  
What strength shall pass from them into thy soul!

Here is thy access to the throne of grace  
Opened for thee by Him who loved thy soul,  
And ransomed it with blood. No more the veil

Within which none dared venture save the priest,  
And that once only in the year, forbids  
Thy entrance, on the sanctities within  
To fix thy rev'rent eyes. That veil thou seest  
Is rent, and there, before the Mercy-Seat,  
Thou standest face to face with God. Thou may'st  
Speak with Him in His holy oracle,  
Undazzled by the awful beams that burn  
Around the sacred Presence. And being there,  
How awful is the place, and yet how sweet !  
Thou lookest up and seest thy Father's face  
Beam on thee love ineffable—no trace  
Of wrath. That cloud has pass'd which once in  
gloom,  
Ere thou wast won to God, hid from thy view  
His countenance, whilst from its edges dark  
Flashed lightnings, and within its shrouded folds  
Muttered the thunders, in whose discords thou  
Didst hear the crash of doom. That cloud has pass'd.  
Then, as one when the tempest of the heavens  
Peals its last volley, and the sun again  
Bursts through the tumult, sees all nature's face  
Sparkling with rain-drops, and the sapphire sky  
Flooded with brightness, where the halcyon Peace  
Floats on her dove white wings, thou looking up  
The face of God behold'st, thy Father's face,

Complacent and unutterably sweet,  
And Jesus stands beside, who takes thy hand  
And leads thee to the Father, and he puts  
Thy hand in His, and love and peace spring up  
Betwixt thee and that Father reconciled.  
Over that peace-making the Holy Spirit  
Presides, and with his sacred sanction tells  
It shall for ever last. Behold what joy  
Spreads swift through all the myriads of the sky,  
As every eye is turned to thee in love.  
How they around thee crowd! There is not one  
In their vast countless ranks who would not now,  
Thee to defend, encounter fire and flood,  
And speed, at God's behest, on thy behalf,  
Through every ward and desolate abode  
Of dark destruction. Hear'st thou them salute  
Thee, as a prince of theirs the prophet once,  
"O man greatly beloved!"—What wonder thou  
Tremblest at thine one bliss! canst scarce believe  
Thyself so happy. Nor should it surprise  
Thou art so humbled to the dust, so full  
Of self-reproach, yea, dumb for very shame,  
For what art thou, for whom the Lord of heaven,  
Triune Jehovah, has such wonders wrought  
Of mercy? Thou, whom to reconcile  
The blood of Jesus flowed? Thou, thus to be

Crowned by His hand with glory ne'er to fade?  
Thou, thus to be saluted and made glad  
By all the angels in their heavenly bowers?  
What art thou? That thou knowest, and therefore  
art

Confounded. Yet 'tis true as strange. Beware  
Of measuring by men's thoughts the thoughts of  
God.

Well, thou art at the Mercy-Seat. It is  
The highest mount of vision. 'Thou may'st here  
To best advantage see all it behoves  
Thee most to note, whatever and whoever  
Lies next thy heart, in thy affection claims  
Supremest interest 'mongst created things.  
O what a sacred height! As one who stands  
Upon the top of Atlas sees beneath  
One half the world, and the uplifted edge  
Of ocean mixing with the skies, so thou  
Hast wonderful enlargement. To record  
What comes within thy sight, what longest day  
Would be sufficient? There the sons of men  
Toil in the vale beneath, with the evil hosts,  
Which Hell has summon'd thither. Some allied  
To their worst foes have lost all consciousness  
Of their great destinies; they only seek



Their brutal lusts and sensual appetites  
To gratify ; of these Belial is prince.  
Less blindly and less eagerly sweat not  
The votaries of Mammon. Every devil  
Has his own worshippers. But other some  
Seek, though in vain, regardless of the star  
Of heaven which only points the way, to shape  
Their course through the wild breakers, all their pains  
But only run the vessel's head more sure  
On the foam vex'd rocks. There, too, the host  
Of Israel maintains—with fainting heart  
How often ?—the soul-tasking fight of faith.

Seize thy advantage then, thyself approve  
One on whose mind the welfare of the world  
Lies like a burden, which thou neither canst  
Nor wishest to cast from thee. If thy hands,  
Like Moses' weary grown, begin to droop,  
Faith and her sister Love are at thy side  
Ready to bear them up. Thou hast concerns  
That press upon thy feelings painfully.  
Thy little child is at the gates of death.  
The agonies that rack its little frame,  
The pale and awful forerunners of death,  
Each hour thou clearer mark'st. O couldst thou take  
Its sufferings on thyself ! Come with thy heart

Thus bleeding, in thy Saviour's breast already  
Compassion moves, and sympathies  
Even stronger than thine own. Yes, He will hear  
And answer thy requests. Thou ask'st what's best  
For thy beloved, He what is best will give,  
Or life to glorify His name on earth,  
Or from all earthly ills release by death.

But who can tell what nearest to thy soul  
Lies in desire? Thou know'st and feel'st it best,  
And also knowest in whose ear to speak  
Thy every want.

But 'tis the night before  
The Sabbath morn; when that morn grows to day,  
Then shall the heralds' steps who bring good news  
Be seen upon the mountains. At the call  
Of their uplifted trumpets I behold  
Crowding assemblies meet. Hark how the praise  
Swells up to heaven from all the sanctuaries  
Of earth! 'Tis the entreating voice of prayer.  
The gospel is proclaimed by zealous men  
To thousands of our race, in many tongues.  
Now mark the thoughtful worshippers drink in  
The holy sounds, and how intent they look  
On all the mighty acts of Jesus Christ,  
In his humiliation, sufferings, death,

Entombment, resurrection. Charge thy heart  
With many cares, and pour it out in prayer,  
Earnest, that must be heard, that the Holy Spirit  
May with the word descend into the souls  
Of thousands, tens of thousands, that the day  
Of Pentecost each Sabbath be renewed.

O that the earth were once again restored  
To harmony with heaven; that all its shores,  
And merchandise, and arts, and towered towns,  
And hamlets, all its people, men of toil,  
Its statesmen, orators, philosophers,  
Were wedded to the fear of God, and lived  
Beneath the cloud of fire. One day it shall  
Be so, and more than so. Doubt not the power  
Of Him who is its Saviour to effect  
His purpose, in despite of Hell and all  
Rebellious powers 'gainst it in league combined,  
They are but creatures, the Creator he.

Behold—and lovely is the sight, it thrills  
The soul to the centre; it comes like a gale  
From spicy garden through the wilderness.  
Behold, in many lands, the men who love  
Our great Redeemer on their knees this night;  
Are not their hearts united? Hear their prayers

Go up for blessing on the preached word ;  
And some of them, like him who all the night  
Wrestled in Penue! with the Angel strong,  
Will struggle with that Angel till He yield.

•

So if thou canst devote from thy pursuits  
An hour each evening ere the Sabbath dawn  
To prayer and meditation, use it well  
For thine own good, and with the company  
Of them who fear the Lord in every land,  
In blest communion join of supplication,  
That power and glory from on high may go  
Forth with the gospel preached ; then shalt thou be  
A benefactor true of the human race ;  
Thou shalt not live in vain either for God  
Or for thyself, or for thy kindred dear.

## THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS.

Our Champion in the wilderness behold,

• Now wandering on the shaggy mountain's side,

Now seated on the cliffs, which storms of old

Have reft, and lightnings ploughed with gashes  
wide,

Now musing in the cavern's gloomy shade,

Which beams of summer sunshine ne'er invade.

Death-like seclusion ! Here the face of man

Is never seen, nor heard the silver gush

Of his sweet speech, the drooping soul which can

Revive so potently. The deep still hush

Of noon falls heavy on the mind, it lies

A life oppressing weight on earth and skies.

Lovely is morning bathed in sparkling dew,

Ringing with songs from every happy grove ;

Noon, borne on floods of light, is glorious too,

And gleams that slowly o'er the mountains move :

Night is sublime when she her gates unbars,

And leads us through her hosts of fire-winged stars.

Each form, each change is beautiful, sublime,

With sweet companionship of man to share  
Emotion's genial glow, without it time

Drags cumb'rously, and all things irksome are :  
Denied exchange of thought and sympathy  
We languish would in heaven itself, and die.

Behold Him through the desert to and fro

Wander, in meditation wrapt, and prayer;  
The crested snakes their ancient hate forego,  
The lions, harmless, mark Him from their lair,  
Or in their dens couch, overawed with fear,  
When in their savage haunts His steps appear.

How changed each circumstance ! the majesty

Of His celestial splendours thrown aside ;  
Clothed in our nature's wants and poverty ;

Omnipotence to impotence allied !  
To Him the stars that pave His courts become,  
As unto us, the glory spangled dome.

May we without irreverence draw near

And seek Thy thoughts, Thou Holy One, to read,  
Who our redemption didst account so dear

As thus to stoop so low Thy sacred head,  
The thoughts that through Thy musing spirit pass'd  
Whilst these long days and nights of watching last?

Before Him still in awful prospect lies,  
And presses on His mind with anguish sore,  
The toils immense of that vast enterprise  
Which to achieve He touched our sinful shore;  
Dread prospect dark'ning on His mind by day,  
And stealing all the night His rest away.

An ocean blown with storms that never cease;  
A midnight gladden'd by no cheerful beam;  
An agony whose horrors still increase;  
Hours endless as eternity that seem;  
Moments of woe! what terrors fill you all,  
And crush into your cup the bitt'rest gall.

Closing the dismal perspective appear,  
Dreadful and prominent, the cross of pain,  
The crown of thorns, the legionary's spear,  
Hell's malice, in Heaven's wrath the victim slain;  
Soul-with'ring thought! awful reality!  
His Father's frown, 'neath which He needs must die!

His Father's frown! O can it ever be,  
That even in seeming for a moment's space  
The eternal smile withdrawn from Him can be?  
And vengeance darken on that Father's face?  
Forbear!—Before Him in dread vision lies  
Each pang of the mysterious enterprise.

See, then, with reverence, the Man of woe  
Sunk 'neath His brooding thoughts' oppressive  
weight,

Or if a ray of joy illume His brow,  
And for a moment soothes His anguish great,  
If a swift passing smile a moment light  
That countenance so sad and deadly white,

'Tis in anticipation of the scene,  
Ah far remote, but, thanks to God, secure,  
That shall unfold in happiness serene  
His ransomed, for whose sakes swift to endure  
All suffering He is. Betwixt that goal  
And Him what oceans of confusion roll !

How shall we e'er forgive our hearts of stone,  
So little melted by our Saviour's woe,  
Who for our sinful sakes has meekly gone  
Down through the vexed abyss where sorrows flow?  
Around Him now the thick'ning tempests meet,  
Their plunging waves against Him sorely beat.—

Thus Satan—"When He grown to man was born,  
I saw o'er Bethlehem's field that vision bright,  
Whose splendours shamed the golden torch of morn,  
And swallowed darkness in celestial light;  
Incensed I heard the message spoken then  
Of my power overthrown, of peace to men.



“ Heard of the Babe who in the manger lay  
The future might proclaimed, and how must wane  
The empire reared by me on earth each day  
Till it in ruins crumble, by a reign  
Displaced of light and love ; that haughty boast  
Much to my mind perplexed of care has cost.

“ Nor can I free my thoughts that Heaven intends  
Great things—if so its power may match its will—  
To be achieved by Him whom it defends,  
Thus far in safety, 'gainst my sleepless skill ;  
A thousand snares and deaths He has escaped,  
To compass His destruction wisely shaped.

“ All is confirmed by that so lately done  
On Jordan's banks, when my eternal Foe  
Proclaimed Him loud and openly His Son.—  
But ere on earth my empire I forego,  
Ere Hell's supreme dominion far and wide  
I cease through all His starry worlds to spread,

“ Ere to Him and His Son I bow this knee  
In homage, by destruction's gulf I swear—  
My witness heaven and earth and chaos be,  
The oath of my resolved purpose hear—  
My being first shall cease.”—The Tempter spoke  
Enraged, and into fierce defiance broke.

Whilst thus his wrath he vented, and defied  
The Highest, dark'ning nature with his frown,  
His wings he folded from his voyage wide,  
And on a pine-clad mountain lighted down  
In midst of the lone desert, and with speed  
Assumed a hermit's form and russet weed ;

A hoary ancient from the world retired,  
To spend his few last years in solitude ;  
A venerable aspect, which inspired  
Esteem, so seeming reverent and good ;  
A voice whose sifted wisdom in bland speech  
Swift entrance to the guileless heart can reach.

And so transformed he soon the Saviour found  
In a thick brake, faint and exhausted now  
From His long fast, stretched on the thorny ground,  
With hollow cheek and pale care-furrowed brow ;  
His mind absorbed in holy musing, still  
Meekly observant of His Father's will.

He felt, as the arch-enemy drew near,  
A thrill of righteous indignation rise  
Like sudden fire, as His keen glances peer  
Into the fiend through all his deep disguise.  
Satan had fled o'erwhelmed, but in His breast  
His holy ire our meekest Lord suppressed.

“Strange unto me it seems to find Thee here,”

The Devil his deceitful speech thus wove,

“Thee whom the voice from heaven pronounced most  
clear

The Son of the Eternal Father’s love ;  
For at Thy baptism, amongst the crowd,  
I on the banks of famous Jordan stood,

“Marking the scene which thunderstruck each eye,  
When heaven her crystal portals opened wide,  
And streams of radiance from the upper sky

Rushed, whilst the sun his meaner rays did hide ;  
And from the midst, around Thy honoured head,  
Dove-like the Spirit His mild pinions spread.

“Ill seems it to befit that Father’s care,

Whose bounteous hands o’er all His works extend,  
Who feeds the tuneful tenants of the air,

That sing all day, and ne’er to labour bend,  
Who clothes the flowers with their ethereal bloom,  
And breathes into the rose its sweet perfume ;

“The seraphim, that tremble as they gaze,

Adoring reverently His awful power,  
Are all by Him upheld ; and in the blaze

Of noon, the film-winged insects of an hour  
Partake of His great love—alone from Thee  
His fostering goodness seems withdrawn to be ;

“ Which in Thy breast might well insinuate  
Some doubt if Thou art not by Him forsaken,  
Imprisoned in this region desolate,  
And at the point of death by want o’ertaken.  
His Son beloved, excluded from the care  
The meanest of His creatures daily share !

“ Likelier Thy heavenly Father stands aloof,  
And hems Thee round with this necessity,  
That of Thy Sonship Thou may’st fetch a proof,  
Some miracle performing to supply  
Thy needs. Know, then, the season, and fulfil  
The intimations of His sovereign will.

“ For if Thou art His Son essay Thy power ;  
Power unexerted is an empty boast,  
Nor better is than weakness ; fit the hour ;  
Let not, through diffidence, the hour be lost.  
Command, and let these stones, transformed to bread,  
Redeem Thy life in this Thy hour of need.”—

“ ‘Man shall not live by bread alone,’ and that  
Thou knowest, though car’st not to remember now :  
What food had Moses, when with God he sat  
Full forty days on Sinai’s awful brow ?  
The Tishbite kept like fast, when from the wrath  
Of man he trod the desert’s howling path.

“ When God ordains it so, each holy word  
 That from His mouth proceeds to man shall be  
 Food, and divinest nourishment afford,  
 Bearing him up to immortality.  
 In Him who brought me hither I confide ;  
 All needful things His goodness will provide.

“ Besides, if thou believ’st me whom thou say’st,  
 Why venture in my presence ? Whence this care  
 Of me, thou hat’st and fearest ? When thou lay’st,  
 Think not success shall crown so crude a snare ? ” —  
 Whilst Christ thus spake the Tempter rankled sore,  
 Yet on his looks well feigned complacence wore.

Well feigned, but with an effort, conscious now  
 He must exert, or fail, his utmost power,  
 Taught, mortified, the contrast vast to know  
 ’Twixt this assault and that in Eden’s bower.  
 Such virtue in Christ’s seeming weakness lies  
 To thread his wiles, unmask his treacheries.

What words can paint the horrid thought his guile  
 Devises next ? who dream Hell’s arrogance  
 Could swell so high, as plot by its damned wile  
 To move from God our Champion’s confidence ?  
 And with presumption fill that sacred breast,  
 Where nought but humblest, meekest virtues rest ?

Well knew the fiend, by long experience taught,  
How man's weak nature hastens to extremes,  
And in the tossings of unbalanced thought  
Now burns in hell, now in heaven's glory seems  
Enfranchised; cunningly he sought to find  
In Christ some taint of mortal passion blind.

Full of his purpose, by permitted power,  
He bears Him up through the ethereal clime,  
And poises steep upon a giddy tower  
Of the great temple; from the height sublime,  
Like silver tissues Kedron's windings gleam,  
And dusky specks his olive gardens seem.

And thus he shaped his speech—"In God Thy trust,  
Holy, submissive, childlike, I admire,  
With reverential mind. All my mistrust  
Is gone. Thou art the Son of that dread Sire.  
Pardon my overbold experiment  
To prove Thee truly that great Son intent.

"For much it all concerns the same to know,  
Since many to that honour have presumed,  
Impostors bold; whilst many a fatal blow,  
Alas! their wretched followers has consumed.  
God's own Son now revealed, let earth rejoice!  
Strength's in His arm; salvation in His voice!

“ Men shall be bless’d in Thee, and blest art Thou,  
Secure for ever of Thy Father’s love.

All beings share His love, but chiefly Thou ;

All potencies in earth and heaven above  
Attend Thee everywhere, Thy life to guard,  
Subdue each foe, each lurking danger ward.

“ What holy myriads throng the heavenly state

Of powers sublime, and truth has given the word  
They ever must on all Thy goings wait,

And minister to Thee, ordained their Lord.

O service enviable ! Hosts of light,

This service is your joy’s supremest height !

“ This knowest Thou in Thy mind, though hitherto

From proving it by deed Thou hast refrained,  
And by such abstinence Thou seem’st to do

Dishonour unto Him who thus ordained ;  
As if at nought the mighty boon was prized ;  
By use alone can it be recognised.

“ That as God speaks, declare Thy confidence,

So Thou believ’st ; from this cloud-neighb’ring  
height

Cast Thyself headlong, lo ! for Thy defence

Already gleam around the pinions bright  
Of seraphim, too proud to form a chair  
To bear Thee softly through the astonished air.”—

Again His countenance our Saviour turned  
Full on the wily fiend ; with stedfast look  
Pierced each dark corner of his heart, that burned  
With rankest hate beneath the stern rebuke.  
Then in few words—" When duty points the way  
Through dang'rous paths, and promptly men obey,

" Using with zeal each help the reverend fear  
Of God and sober prudence give in vain,  
Then may the Lord in majesty appear,  
Bind up the storms, divide the angry main,  
Throw wide the prison doors, innocuous make  
The flames, his venom from the serpent take.

" But rash 'the man, and with presumption blind  
He rushes on a spear who sets at nought  
What reason dictates, bolst'ring his vain mind  
On miracles that never shall be wrought.  
Thou fetchest scripture. Knowest thou where the word  
Is written plain—" Tempt not, O man, thy Lord ?' "

Twice baffled. Next fond recollections rose  
Of proud Ambition's power o'er noble minds ;  
He thought how wisest counsels she o'erthrows,  
And gives maturest maxims to the winds.  
Disguised in Honour's name, what ruins vast  
In her dire train through every land have pass'd !



Can he without a burning pang recal  
 The fatal hour, the sad occasion when  
 He and his legions hastened to their fall  
 From pride's steep summit? 'Mongst the sons of men  
 His readiest entrance this to noblest hearts,  
 Drawn to perdition by his devilish arts.

Our Lord he to a mountain has conveyed,  
 His cone advancing almost into heaven,  
 The subject world they from that perch surveyed,  
 From Jordan's stream to the far Ganges even;  
 Far o'er the deep the mighty realms that lie  
 Couched dim on its remotest boundary.

Was ever scene beheld by mortal sight  
 Of such magnificence, to wrap the soul  
 In ecstasies of wonder and delight?  
 The prospect stretches on from pole to pole,  
 Whatever clime the sun's far darting ray  
 Visits, somewhere in the vast landscape lay.

Here Commerce trafficked on a thousand floods;  
 There Art arose and comely structures reared;  
 Music stormed heaven; while in laborious mood  
 Strong hundred-handed Industry appeared.  
 Gowned senators, absorbed in high debate,  
 Weighed questions deep, and great affairs of state.

War thinned the maddened nations, whilst he blew  
His clarion, midst the sword dance-seas of blood  
Deluged the fields, when straight swift-pinioned flew  
Fair Peace, and wooed him where begrimmed he  
stood,

Arms stronger than his own around him flung,  
And soothed his frenzy with her dulcet tongue.

Winter was seen upon his frozen chair,  
Whilst northern meteors round his temples played;  
His icy storms he hurled into the air,

His mace the heavings of the ocean stayed:  
Spring through another part, went singing on,  
Flowers round her head and in her garments shone.

Summer, bright fav'rite of the sun, matured  
The fruits and grains of nature's bounty born;  
Brown Autumn, to his healthy toil inured,

Laughed as his sickle reaped the waving corn;  
All lands, with all men work beneath the sun,  
In the proud prospect to the life were shewn.

Satan, exulting in the skill whereby

He fetched them all within the vision's scope,  
Felt for a moment his misgivings fly,

And stood elated on the peak of hope;  
In subtlest rhetoric his speech arrayed,  
Whilst his last grand assault on Christ he made.

“ If noble purposes inflame Thy mind  
To found a kingdom which may lift her head  
Above all empires, ample scope may'st find  
In this vast amplitude around us spread ;  
And all is Thine, only Thou shalt receive  
The gift from me, to me the homage give.”

He spoke, and stood expectant, but knew not  
The holy indignation his proud word  
Kindled in Jesus' bosom, nor how hot  
Burned then the zealous anger of our Lord ;  
With what disgust He loathed the horrid snare  
To make Him thus the devil's worshipper.

His eye on the deceiver flashed with scorn.  
Unmasked, its ken he hastens to evade,  
His power and malice utterly o'erborne ;  
His hopes, to empty ashes crumbling, fade ;  
These words midst his confusion pierce his ear—  
“ Worship the Lord thy God, Him only shalt thou  
fear.”

In his own form, drawn from his thin disguise,  
Even to himself detestable he stood ;  
Straight his broad wings, upon the shrinking skies  
Spread sudden, sounded like a rushing flood,  
As he drew near Hell to her centre shook,  
And her dark realms a darker horror took.

## THE BEATITUDES.

The world shall hear divine morality,  
The Saviour loosens now his holy speech,  
His seat a mountain summit bold and high ;  
Above, their canopy the blue heavens stretch ;  
The charmed winds are breathless now, they cease  
To sport with the white clouds, or stir the flowers ;  
The birds suspend their songs in their green bowers,  
And all the air is hushed in perfect peace.

Mighty the multitude assembled round ;  
Jerusalem, emptied, sends her thousands there ;  
Towered Jericho is silent, crowds abound  
From famed Samaria, with her gardens fair ;  
Sun-burn'd, from distant Galilee are seen  
The hardy race who ply the sail and oar  
On her blue lake, whose city studded shore  
Is still as it the Sabbath morn had been.

The learned scribe, the formal Pharisee,  
The Sadducee, cold sceptic ; weak and strong ;  
The rich, the poor ; of high and low degree ;  
Mothers and children, swell the countless throng.  
Such crowds continually His steps attend,  
To see the marv'llous works He daily wrought,  
Hear His discourse with heavenly wisdom fraught—  
In mute attention now they forward bend.

He who in the Olympian grove would claim  
A statue, and the olive garland wear,  
Be given by Pindar to immortal fame,  
Be homeward borne 'midst trumpet's festive blare,  
Must in the Stadium task his utmost powers.—  
But who celestial guerdons shall receive,  
And honoured in the heavenly kingdom live,  
With glory crowned in its unrivall'd bowers ;

*These*, with their discipline, and holy care,  
The graces they pursue with ardour strong,  
His lips, who spake as ne'er spake man, declare,  
With all the virtues that to them belong ;  
Virtues ! unlike those deeds that, with acclaim,  
The world pursues. O foolish world, to slight,  
For Sodom's apples that yield no delight,  
The blest beatitudes from heaven that came !

O that our ears were open to receive,  
Our hearts, Thy holy words to entertain,  
Most gracious Lord ! Thy bless'd assistance give  
To drink them in as thirsty soil the rain !  
Of our ungenial hearts prepare the field,  
The showers bestow, give the propitious sun ;  
Begin Thy work, watch o'er Thy work begun ;  
Then shall our lives a golden harvest yield !—

“ Blessed the poor in spirit,” those who know,  
Taught from above, their total emptiness ;  
That in their breasts no holy thoughts can grow,  
No strength spring up from their own feebleness :  
The purity of God still in their view  
Darkens their guilt, shines burning on their sin,  
That loathsome plague, that leprosy within,  
That midnight softened by no orient hue.

Themselves abhorring, 'gainst themselves they fight,  
Fearing themselves, against themselves they pray ;  
On wings of faith to mercy's arms take flight,  
As the dove hastens on a stormy day  
Swift to her cot : they seek with earnest mind,  
Self-diffident, their watchful course to keep  
By the bright lamps of heaven hung o'er the deep ;  
In heart and purpose to their God resigned.

Happy, indeed ! yours a diviner prize

Than e'er enriched Ambition's grandest dream ;  
Laid up secure within the peaceful skies ;

Ye from the earth can see its holy gleam ;  
Thus oft the storm-beat mariner to cheer

A vision forms itself, upon the air,  
Of the balm-breathing isles, and regions fair,  
To which thro' the vexed floods their ship they steer.—

"Blessed are they who mourn," whose eyes are red

With weeping rivers o'er their grievous sin ;

Not that their tears, in such profusion shed,

Can cleanse the lep'rous stain, or pardon win ;

Mercy's sweet voice oft to have met with scorn,

With base ingratitude their Father's love!—

Grieves them—"Hard hearts,"—they cry—"that  
would not move"—

And so all day and all the night they mourn.

By the glad ministries of Spring serene

Grim Winter's havoc in the sylvan bowers

Repaired, with joyful eyes we oft have seen ;

She weaves an emerald robe of sun and showers ;

The purple violet, the primrose pale,

She skilfully embroiders in the grass ;

Hangs every spray with blossoms ; as they pass  
The roving winds sweet essences inhale.

The tender leaves burst from their silken sheathes ;  
For wand'ring birds delightful bowers are deckt ;  
Her gay festoons the honeysuckle wreathes  
From bough to bough, where pearly dewdrops reflect  
The blush of morning from their crystal eyes ;  
Whilst burnished insects on their gauzy wings  
Glance o'er the stream through the quiet glade  
that sings ;  
And all the scene golden in sunshine lies.

And sweet as Spring, into the mourner's heart,  
Calm, silent, with celestial influence,  
The holy Paraclete his beams doth dart,  
Heals every wound, and purges every sense ;  
Nor only with his balm allays each pain,  
But adds the peace of heaven ; a cabinet  
The soul becomes with precious jewels set,  
A heaven in miniature, where Christ doth reign.—

The haughty mind obtains the world's applause,  
The meek are trampled by the bustling throng,  
Yet blest are they to whom, by heaven's just laws,  
The true dominions of the earth belong !  
All things they see in truth's unflatt'ring light.  
In every common gift, on them bestowed,  
They see the hand, adore the love of God ;  
Hence every comfort yields its true delight.



Thus, in his cottage, at his humble meal,  
His daily labour for his daily bread,  
More independence the meek man can feel  
Than scapegrace worldlings fortune nurs'd and fed.  
For man the true nobility of soul  
Is meekness; there his realest grandeur lies.  
This is the wing that lifts him to the skies;  
Pride and ambition in the dust but roll.

The stars from deepest pits are brightest seen,  
The river's sweep is noblest in the vale,  
The shade of rocks the modest flowerlets screen,  
When tempests on proud heights the oaks assail;  
Humility shields man from many a blow;  
The lark, upon the ground that builds her home,  
Mounts up, and warbles through the azure dome;  
They highest soar in faith whose thoughts are low.

Humility becomes us, as we are  
Creatures; as sinful creatures, better still;  
The humblest are the greatest everywhere;  
None are so humble as the saints that fill  
Heaven's regal courts—the nearer to the throne  
The humbler: docile is Humility,  
And it is given to her meek eyes to see  
Celestial wonders to the proud unshewn.—

There is a fountain whose lip overflows,  
Where yet the soul can never drink her fill;  
A loaded table, but who to it goes  
And feasts, and ever feasts, he starveth still;  
A market glutted with abundance rare,  
All that e'er pleasure flashed upon the sight,  
Love, wine, gold, kingdoms, piled to mountain's  
height;

Get all, and yet no blessing settles there.

O foolish people, then, who plough the seas  
And sift the rocks of foreign lands for gold,  
Who range through every danger, seeking ease,  
Found nowhere if your hearts it do not hold;  
O folly, so to toil those things to win  
From which no true solacement ye receive,  
With which you must shake hands, for ever leave  
Outside the grave when it ye enter in.

But blessed they who feel their soul's distress,  
Its poverty, its guilt, its misery;  
Who long, by day and night, for righteousness,  
And till they find ne'er satisfied can be:  
Your hunger shall be fed, your thirst allay'd!  
O happy, happy, I behold you stand  
Unchallengeable, with the heavenly band,  
In the white garments of the saints array'd!

Peace ye enjoy on earth, and your abode  
Shall be the treasure fraught celestial dome,  
A tranquil dwelling in the house of God,  
When Christ your Lord shall come to call you home,  
To give you joys that ever shall endure,  
Lead you each day in the calm mead that lies  
Embosomed far within the peaceful skies,  
Beside the living streams and fountains pure.—

“Blessèd the merciful, for they shall find  
Mercy.”—A seraph’s rapture and his wing,  
An eye as clear as morn, a burning mind,  
He much requires, who would of mercy sing  
A fitting strain. He must ascend the sky,  
Drink at the fountain-head of that pure stream,  
Upspringing glorious in the heart of Him,  
The great “I Am:” the sacred Majesty:

Whose mercy is the uncreated source  
Of being, and of being’s every bliss.  
Should mercy fail, behold all things perforce  
Rush headlong into ruin’s dark abyss.  
The sun shines by His mercy, the green earth  
Teems with her riches manifold; no bound  
Above, below, to mercy can be found;  
O’er death she watches—she presides o’er birth.

Unsearchable for ever are the ways  
Of mercy, and ineffable to man ;  
Transcending all his impotent essays,  
As does the infinite a little span :  
Baffled in thought, with holy awe adore  
Her surest pledge, and pluck the choicest fruit  
That ever sprung, or could, from mercy's root,  
Even Him who stands our wond'ring eyes before,

In mortal flesh, and to men's sons declares  
These high beatitudes from heaven come down.  
Such blessings for the apostate God prepares.  
Making our guilt and misery His own,  
Our holy Saviour dies upon the tree,  
Washes in His own blood our sins away,  
Expires, all that we owe the law to pay,  
And wins us peace by His own agony.

Haste, then, and seize on mercy! firmly hope,  
Securely trust. Mercy can never die :  
New life thou shalt experience ; she shall ope  
The fountains of thy heart to sympathy  
With all distress and woes of every shade,  
With earnest prayers, and with an open hand  
Swift wilt thou ever be to run and stand  
Amongst the wretched, bringing needful aid.

Behold the drop of dew that glitt'ring lies  
Upon the verdant blade, your eye shall see  
The image of the orb that fills the skies  
With splendour in it shadowed gloriously,  
But soon he draws it up to his own sphere.  
Even so the merciful reflect the Sun  
Of righteousness; to them heaven is begun;  
In them to Christ His likeness is so dear.

Mark how the merciful haste to forego  
Revenge, where stern revenge is strictly due;  
With steps of eager love their deadly foe  
Through all the coils of mischief they pursue,  
Kindness still heaping on the head of hate,  
With soothing speeches baffling haughty scorn,  
Even as the night is ever met by morn  
With rosy greetings at the eastern gate.

To angel visiting the earth, the sheen  
Of all its pomps and pageantries, the pride  
Of all its towers and palaces, how mean!  
Impotent they to turn his glance aside  
In admiration. But to his pure eyes  
How great the works of mercy, light sublime  
Ling'ring amongst the wretched wrecks of time,  
Reminding him of his own native skies.—

“Blessèd the pure in heart.” They shall behold  
The face of God unveiled, with sweet delight.—  
But how shall we, of Adam’s sinful mould,  
Be pure, save looking on that perfect light  
Of spotless purity, our Saviour’s face?  
Gazing thereon, in love, may we draw light  
Into our hearts, as the dark orbs of night  
From the great sun, that may our stains efface!

O may that holy face aye on us shine  
So sweetly, and with such attraction strong  
Fix us intent upon its beams divine,  
That we, absorb’d, no more may hear the throng  
Of worldly tumults; nor the wanton train  
Of Pleasure passing with her brav’ry by,  
In floating robes, and loose voluptuous eye,  
Eager, and skill’d, unwatchful souls to gain.

If pure in heart, a man may safely walk  
Through snares of darkness, by that inward light.  
Though weak it seems, yet has it strength to baulk,  
And break, a hundred foemen in the fight.  
It has a look so awful, a regard  
So dread to every evil, thought or done,  
Even the great foe of God and man would shun,  
Rather than court with it the contest hard.—

"Bless'd the peacemakers," in heaven proclaimed  
God's children. Honourable badge, and true,  
For surely they are children rightly named,  
Who do whate'er they see their Father do.  
And God th' Almighty maker is of peace,  
At such a ransom, too, for sinful men!  
Proclaim them, therefore, bless'd, with tongue and  
pen,  
Who o'er the world would send her mild increase.—

"Bless'd are ye when men shall persecute,  
Falsely revile, and curse, for Jesus' sake,"  
And aim you wholly from the earth to root:  
With hearts unruffled all their malice take.—  
But what a scene arises! groans and cries  
Of anguish: torments, desolation, fire,  
Scaffolds, and stakes where multitudes expire,  
Hunted to death, in quiv'ring agonies.

Through every age the scream of anguish rings.  
If here the sword is sheathed, and, gloated, dies  
The pile, there it is fleshed, there, kindling, springs  
With keener flames on a fresh sacrifice.  
Nature is horrified. But gliding down  
Serene from heaven, Faith sees the dazzling team  
That whirls them up, and hands, amidst a gleam  
Of glory, reaching them th' immortal crown.

THE RAISING FROM THE DEAD OF THE  
WIDOW OF NAIN'S SON.

Sad was the scene in Nain, the little town,  
In the poor widow's house, where pining lay  
Her only son, by sickness smitten down,  
Languishing weaker, weaker, every day;  
His life a summer brooklet by the ray  
Of the fierce sun consumed, a channel dry,  
Where once the waters gushed melodiously.

'Tis not the dismal picture of her woes,  
Her lonely mansion's desolation drear,  
The awful solitude round her to close  
When that last life is quenched, sole link so near  
To being snapped, which in affection dear  
Binds her to earth, which unto her has been  
A vale of tears indeed, a sadly troubled scene.

Herself she could forget, herself forgets,  
But ah to look on the afflicted's pain!



The sweat of anguish on his brow, the sets  
Of fainting, the strong efforts to restrain  
Sunk nature's sigh, and unfelt vigour feign  
To save a mother's heart another wound,  
Alas, already crushed by sorrow to the ground.

The sympathizing neighbours at her door  
Assemble, speak kind words, and go away;  
And sweet is sympathy to rich or poor,  
Ah, could it charm the parting breath to stay;  
From the stern spoiler Death redeem the prey.  
Poor woman! he has drawn his latest breath:  
Oft seeming dead before, this time 'tis death.

Hope has departed with the precious life  
That flickered on the exhausted wick so long;  
Ah, who can blame thee that thy tears are rife?  
Thy wail of sorrow passionate and strong?  
Not to the sympathies of man belong  
The skill to medicate a wound like thine,  
Into so sad heart make beams of comfort shine.

To the dead warbler what avails the rise  
Of morn, with songs in every leafy bower?  
Brooks in a dream to him of thirst who dies?  
Dews dropping fragrance to a withered flower?

Can earthly joys afford a happy hour  
To her whose total wealth and treasure all  
Is that pale wasted corpse laid out for burial ?

Discordant now, and harsh, to her appears  
The bustle of the town, that ceases not  
Its usual stir : in thoroughfares their fears,  
Their hopes, men speak not saddened by her lot ;  
Light hearts pass by the door ; and many a note  
Of laughter, where the merrymakers meet,  
Rings sharp with all the sounds that fill the busy street.

The funeral day arrives, the grave must have  
Its spoil ; to that dark and sad resting place  
The slow procession moves, a sable wave ;  
Tears dim each eye and sorrow every face ;  
With reverence all to that sad train give place ;  
All pity that chief mourner, dumb with woe,  
Who walketh next the bier with feeble steps and slow.

The city gate is pass'd, the roadside trees  
Checker with light and shade the mournful pall,  
As, gently shaken by the sultry breeze,  
The sunbeams through their emerald partings fall :  
How like man's life ! how fitted to recall  
That short sojourn in grief and joy begun,  
Which in alternate waves thro' all its windings run.

But O propitious day, propitious hour !  
For now they meet upon the dusty road  
Him who to sympathy unites the power  
Omnipotent, Immanuel, Son of God  
And son of man, who came to bear our load  
Of guilt, to cleanse the lep'rous plague of sin,  
Whence all the crowding ills of mortal life begin.

He knows the widow's case, already swells  
His heart with pity; in His moist'ning eye  
The tears already start; in thought He dwells  
On all the sad and ceaseless misery  
He came to remedy; He draweth nigh,  
The man of sorrows, unto whom in vain  
The sorrow laden mourner never did complain.

He toucheth with His hand the funeral bier;  
He speaks—" Young man, I bid thee to arise"—  
The sealed up sense of death is forced to hear,  
Which else had slumbered till the last assize;  
Upon the light the sleeper opes his eyes;  
Himself he raised; again began to beat  
His heart, his cheek to glow with life's returning heat.

An agony of grief the mother felt,  
And now she feels an agony of joy,  
The tears in rivers flowed as down she knelt

In gratitude, the Saviour of her boy  
Adoring, worship pure without alloy  
Of insincerity, yet half afraid  
Unreal the mighty fact that her so joyful made.

Fear seizes on the crowd, a holy awe  
Invades each mind. Whoever with his eyes  
Beheld at man's command stern death withdraw  
His hand, and from his realms the captive rise?  
May all that throng of wonderers recognize  
The Saviour of the world, and Him receive,  
Who can from death, and worse, their sinful souls  
relieve!

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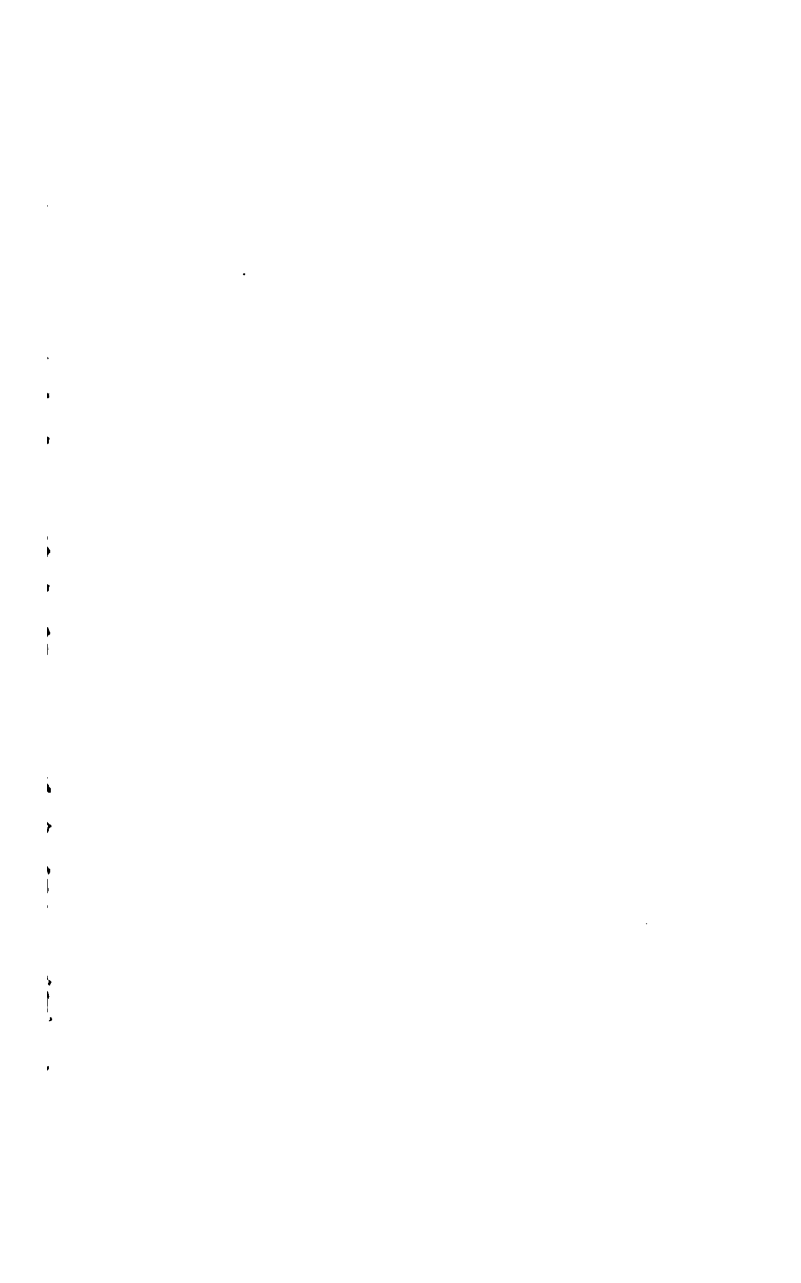
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